

BULWER'S FRANCE.—We take up this work with a very high degree of interest. It comes at an important period, when our attention is directed to the "Land of the Gaul," our ancient friend and ally, and, but for the timely decision of the Chamber of Deputies, our present enemy. The work before us consists of two delicate duodecimos, from the teeming press of the Harpers, written by Henry Lytton Bulwer, M.P., and brother of the popular novelist. The style is lively, combining the sense of history with the fascination of romance. The subject is social, literary, political—and it would perhaps be a sufficient comment to mention the contents, comprising the characteristics of the people, and the versatilities of history. We have a brief analysis of France; a description of Paris, ancient and modern; remarks on the politeness, gallantry, vanity, wit, gayety, frivolity, and crime of the people; a view of the historical changes; and the predominant influences of women; the military, literature, and the drama. In short, nothing of importance seems to have escaped the notice of the writer, who gives the result of his diversified observations, in a brief, instructive, and entertaining manner. We open the volumes with a high feeling of regard and curiosity; and we close them with the consciousness of being better acquainted than before, with the peculiarities of this ancient nation, and with its present internal, literary, political, and moral condition.

The introduction contains some valuable statistical tables, with judicious remarks by the writer. As we proceed, the work opens with all the interest of romance, and all the conviction of reality. The comparison of Paris with London, and of Paris to-day with Paris of the olden time, is drawn with the pleasing tact of a master.

In tracing the characteristics of this singular people, it is surprising, and somewhat amusing, to note the facility with which they pass from the refinements of civilization to the cruelties of barbarism. The poet never diverged "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," with half the adroitness. We are half reconciled to the lampoon on their character, by their own countryman, Voltaire, when he asserts that the French are "half monkey and half tiger." By the remarks of this writer, Mr. Bulwer, it would seem that modern politeness in France is a very superficial quality, chiefly composed of selfishness, and nearly destitute of that great manner which characterised some of the old nobility. Indeed our admiration of French politeness is in no degree increased by a perusal of the book before us. Nor have we any more exalted idea of French gallantry. According to the representations here elucidated, chastity and good temper are incompatible. Moroseness is the drapery of virtue, suavity the garb of licentiousness. Vanity seems to be the ruling passion of the French nation, comprising every variety of vain glory. It

is vanity which impels the young and the old, the lover of sixteen and the dotard of sixty, the minister of state and the merchant, the soldier and the citizen. It is vain glory which impels the courtier and the courtesan, which prompts the lowest to the most daring attempts, and which leads the armies of France to the conquest of Europe. Vanity is of every species and degree, from the sublime to the ridiculous—from the jealousy of Madame Recamier to the domination of Napoleon.—The Frenchman lives for ostentation—if he cannot make a display in some form or other, he cares not what becomes of him. Such is the picture of French vanity, as it is exhibited by Bulwer.

The wit of the French people is one of their best qualities. Their gayety is agreeable, their frivolity extreme. The changes of the last, which leads them from gayety to guilt, is one of their most striking characteristics. The tables of crime, with which Mr. Bulwer has elucidated his remarks, and illustrated his conclusions, are among the most remarkable statistics of the times, and are deserving the highest attention of statesmen and of christians.

The historical portion of the work will be read with great interest. The delineations of important revolutions, and of the causes which lead to them, form a study of the highest interest to politicians.

In discussing the predominant influences, the author has invested his work with all the fascination of the novel, while he has preserved at least the appearance, if not the proximation, of truth. The remarks on the influence of women, on literature, and on the drama, are fraught with the deepest excitement, and we have not often derived, from any similar work, a higher degree of gratification. We recommend the work to our readers, as one of the highest amusement and information. They may learn at least one moral—the importance of education.

The subjects chosen for the French drama are horrible. This exhibits the bad taste of the French. A better education, the education of religion, is wanted.

The work contains one passage, in the department of literary influence, with which we shall conclude. Speaking of man, the author says, "he is the person in France he cannot be in England, for in England politics is the only passion of the men, fashion the only idol of the women; for in England to be a blockhead is far more fashionable than to live in a bad street. Observe! Messrs. Cousin, and Villemain, and Roger Collard, are made peers, because they are very learned and eloquent professors. M. Lamertine is elected a representative of the French people on account of his poems; M. Arago on account of his mathematical acquisitions; M. Thiers on account of his talent as a journalist and a historian. This takes place in France, and what takes place in England? At

the close of the poll at a late contest, Duncombe, 2497; Pownall, 1839; Wakley, 677; BABBAGE, 383. The most distinguished man of science at this moment in England appears upon the hustings as a candidate for a great metropolitan district.—He professes liberal, but moderate opinions, such as a life of reflection usually engenders. How is he received? Do the people feel grateful and flattered by the philosopher's appearing among them as a solicitor for popular honors? Do they esteem his search after their favor as almost the highest compliment that could be paid to popular rights? Are they proud and conscious of the fact, that the man who offers to sacrifice his energies to their cause, has, at the very moment he does so, the eyes of the learned and the wise directed from every corner of Europe on his labors?"

Is it so in America?

THE CAMELS.—We were never so struck with the singular conformation of the Arabian Camel or Dromedary, as during our last visit to the Boston Menagerie, where there are two in a pen quite too small to display them to advantage. The most common observer, however, must see abundant marks of a regular design in their wonderful adaptation to the purposes for which they are employed at home. Every child at all inquisitive in matters of natural history, notices the small ill-shapen head and tumid cloven lip, the prodigiously long, slender neck, the lean and homely body, the unsightly and almost fleshless limbs, and the ugly hump on his back. And either of the superintendents will instruct him in addition that the feet are very large and hooved in a peculiar manner, being divided above into two lobes, and the extremity of each lobe guarded by a small hoof.—The under part of the foot is guarded by an extremely long, tough and pliable skin, which, by yielding in all directions, enables the animal to travel with peculiar ease and security over dry, hot, and sandy regions, which would soon parch and destroy the common hoof. But his hoofs are injured by travelling over stony roads, and he cannot support himself on moist and slippery clay; so that when he accompanies the travelling menagerie in the warm season, he is conveyed in a roomy cage, and thus preserved from accident.

On a close inspection of the Camel, the visiter will observe a hard bunch on the breast, two on each of the fore legs, and one on each of the hind legs, seven in all, which by naturalists are termed callosities. These are admirably designed to enable the animal to receive his load in the only position in which man could place it upon him, and prevent the fracture of the skin by the pressure, either when it kneels or rises. The Camels are every day taken singly into the ring to give the curious an idea how they receive their burdens,

when full evidence is shown of the value of these callous bunches. Opportunity is then afforded too, of witnessing their very peculiar gait. The beast is made to kneel and the boys present are invited to volunteer as riders. Two or three sprightly lads usually step forward and bestride the Camel's back. From habits associated with the horse they expect he will first throw out his fore legs, and accordingly they incline their bodies forward; much to their surprise, however, up spring his hind legs, and the young riders are suddenly tossed on to the neck of the animal, to the great amusement of the bystanders. The boys erect once more, are amply compensated for their momentary fright, by the animal being required to move at a quick pace several times around the ring, while the crowd thus have an opportunity to judge of his rough movement.

The Dromedaries are formed by nature, as we have hinted above, with such a peculiar economy as to require only the most scanty nourishment, and that of the coarsest kind, to support existence. Their jaws and teeth are sufficiently strong to crush thorns and briars, the branches of trees, and even the husks of dates; and they will invariably turn aside from the green and tender grass to feed upon thistles and twigs of forest trees. Nor does their wonderful constitution stop here. It is their lot to cross immense deserts where no water is found, and countries not even moistened with the dew of heaven, and they are provided with a capacity of laying in at one watering place, a supply for 20 or 30 days. The large hump on the back too, is a mass of fat destined to supply the want of food by absorption. In long journeys, where they suffer both from hunger and thirst, these bunches gradually diminish and are reduced almost to the level of the back, filling up again in a short time whenever they return to refreshment and repose.—Burckhardt, the celebrated traveller, relates an interesting story, which beautifully illustrates the surprising instinct of the Camel, and we cannot better close our article than by repeating it. It was told to him by a man who had himself suffered all the pangs of death:—

"In the month of August, a small caravan prepared to set out from Berber to Daraou. They consisted of five merchants and about thirty slaves, with a proportionate number of Camels. Afraid of the robber Naim, who at that time was in the habit of waylaying travellers about the well of Nedjeim, and who had constant intelligence of the departure of every caravan from Berber, they determined to take a more eastern road, by the well Owareyk. They had hired an Abade guide, who conducted them in safety to that place, but who lost his way from thence northward, the route being very unfrequented. After five days' march in the mountains their stock of water was exhausted, nor did they know where they were. They resolved, therefore, to direct their course toward the setting sun, hoping thus to reach the Nile. After two days' thirst, fifteen slaves and one of the mer-

chants died ; another of them, and Abable, who had ten Camels with him, thinking that the Camels might know better than their masters where water was to be found, desired his comrades to tie him fast upon the saddle of his strongest Camel, that he might not fall down from weakness ; and thus he parted from them, permitting his Camels to take their own way ; but neither the man nor his Camel were ever heard of afterwards. On the eighth day after leaving Owareyk, the survivors came in sight of the mountains of Sinigre, which they immediately recognized ; but their strength was quite exhausted, and neither men nor beasts were able to move any farther. Lying down under a rock, they sent two of their servants, with the two strongest remaining Camels, in search of water. Before these two men could reach the mountain, one of them dropped off his Camel deprived of speech, and able only to move his hands to his comrade as a signal that he desired to be left to his fate. The survivor then continued his route ; but such was the effect of thirst upon him that his eyes grew dim, and he lost the road, though he had often travelled over it before, and had been perfectly acquainted with it. Having wandered about for a long time, he alighted under the shade of a tree, and tied the Camel to one of its branches : the beast, however, smelt the water, (as the Arabs express it,) and, wearied as it was, broke its halter, and set off galloping furiously in the direction of the spring, which, as it afterwards appeared, was at half an hour's distance. The man well understanding the Camel's action, endeavored to follow its footsteps, but could only move a few yards ; he fell exhausted on the ground, and was about to breathe his last, when Providence led that way, from a neighboring encampment, Bisharye Bedouin, who, by throwing water upon the man's face, restored him to his senses. They then went hastily together to the water, filled the skins, and returning to the caravan, had the good fortune to find the sufferers still alive. The Bisharye received a slave for his trouble. My informer, a native of Yembo, in Arabia, was the man whose Camel discovered the spring ; and he added the remarkable circumstance, that the youngest slaves bore the thirst better than the rest, and that, while the grown up boys all died, the children reached Egypt in safety."

LIEBER'S LETTERS—We have so long been bothered with the Halls, the Fearons, the Trollopes, and the Fiddlers of foreign countries, that it is refreshing to take up a book written by a sensible, an intelligent, and a judicious tourist. Such a one is before us, in the form of a convenient octavo, from the press of Carey, Lea & Blanchard, and for sale here by W. D. Ticknor, entitled *Letters to a Gentleman in German*, written after a trip from Philadelphia to Niagara, by Dr. Francis Lieber. This gentleman is a native of Germany, of high literary and intellectual endowments, one who has resided several years in our country, has had good opportunities for becoming acquainted with its institutions, civil, literary and religious, has been familiar with the best society, and by his intelligence and candor is well qualified to do justice to the subjects on which he writes. The letters are written with ease, elegance, and freedom.

They contain much that is instructing, much that is amusing. There are some sentiments of course, with which we do not entirely accord, but then there is a superabundance of good things, adapted to every palate, except the one of decided bad taste. The chapters on names of persons and places, on sectarianism, &c. are capital episodes in the work. The concluding chapter is one of the most graphic, and powerful, and interesting descriptions of Niagara, we remember to have read. The volume abounds with anecdote and the poetry of prose—indeed the work is itself a poem, having a beginning, a middle, and an end, according to the long established rules of the epic. If not so sublime, it will doubtless to many be far more interesting than the *Odyssey*. The writer begins in a calm and quiet manner ; he progresses through domestic and familiar scenes ; he grows animated with his subject ; he hurries on through names and things which would dignify even a page of Homer or Dante ; he leads us through all the intricacies of a camp meeting, from which he conducts us in safety, and then proceeding boldly to the catastrophe, he plunges down the Falls of Niagara, with all the grandeur, sublimity, and dignity of an epic or a tragic poet. We advise our readers to peruse the book ; they will find it both pleasant and profitable.

AMERICAN PTYALISM.—Big words, now-a-days, are all the rage, and I flatter myself that I have selected a pretty tall one for this article. It stands as the expositor of an alarming epidemic which has long prevailed in our well-beloved country ; and for which the land is cursed, by travelling cockneys, and cosmopolitan old women. *Ptyalism*, gentle reader, is 'the effusion of spittle,' as is worthily illustrated by that venerable lexicographer, Sam Johnson, the prince of his tribe, and the sometimes lion to that jackall, Boswell. This is my theme ; it is the evil whereupon I design to expatiate ; and I can say with my motto-maker, that it is one which I have not undertaken out of any wanton pleasure in mine own pen ; nor truly without pondering with myself beforehand, what censures I might incur ; for I know that the object against which the lance of my reprobation is to be tilted, is grievously circumvested with the affection of habit and the sanctity of time. I mean not to be a sweeping opponent, but a commentator merely. To advocate the ptyalism of this nation, would be 'a sin to man,'—for an amendment in the custom is most imperiously demanded.

Whether the corporeal juices are more abundant in the citizens of the United States, than in the people of other countries, it is not pertinent just now to enquire. At all events, they are less regarded ; for we are said to be the most notoriously salivating nation on the face of the globe. But the custom is as old as time. We hear of it in the first origin of our religion. It was by spittle that the blind man was healed with the clay which our Saviour applied to his eyes ; and in many countries it has been invested with peculiar sanctity. In Scotland, as may be learned from works relating to its popular superstitions, the virtue of spittle has long been held in high estimation by that proverb-

bially neat and thrifty people. Authors have thrown much light upon this subject. They prove that the properties of the human saliva have enjoyed singular notice in both sacred and profane history. Pliny devotes an entire chapter in describing its efficacy among the ancient pagans, with whom it was esteemed an antidote to fascination,—a preservative against contagion,—a counteracting influence upon poisons,—and the source of strength in fisticuffs. Some of these uses, the moderns retain. When they fight, they spit in their hands; and they indulge in the same process under the humiliation of defeat. Your Irish or English servant will spit on an eleemosynary shilling,—for he thinks that it blesses the coin. In the country of the former, it is said to be an invariable habit among the peasant girls, whenever they fling away the combings of their hair. There is sometimes a dignity, or grandeur, and sometimes a solemnity, in the custom. I always think well of those ladies one meets in romances, when they express themselves in that way. Who has not joined in the feeling of Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*, when the lustful templar, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, invades her in her tower, to compass her dishonor,—and when she, standing on the parapet, ready to spring from that lofty height into the court-yard below, says to the craven knight, with a look of withering contempt: 'I spit at thee—I defy thee! Thanks to him who reared this dizzy tower so high, I fear thee not! Advance one step nearer to my person, and I will plunge, to be crushed out of the very form of humanity, in the deep beneath!' The reader almost sees the scornful foam escaping from the curled and beautiful lip of the Jewess, and is himself inclined to suit his action to the thought. Our ideas of propriety are derived, to a greater extent than we are aware of, from novels; and if their pages may be relied on, their heroines (being always encompassed by scoundrels whom they have much ado to keep at a proper distance,) must have been spitting at their detested supernumerary lovers about half the time. Contempt is well expressed by that action, and by the word. There is innate disdain in the saliva itself. It leaves the haughty lip of the offended one, and lies before the contemned person—perhaps upon his beard,—like a gage of war, as potent as the glove in the days of the Crusades. In his work of 'England and the English,' the author of *Pelham* alludes to one Westmacott, (who seems a common libeller in London,) under the name of *Sneak*, in the following expressive phrase: 'His soul rots in his profession, and you spit when you hear his name!' Among the various and opposing inferences derived from the custom and the use of the word, one is that saliva is inherently contemptible; and if so, is it not a noble proceeding to dispossess one's self as much as possible, of that which is unworthy? Is not this a *non sequitur*?

In one of the remote islets of Scotland, spitting in to the grave forms a part of the funeral ceremony. Relations and friends gather round the narrow mansion of the departed, and each one ejects the salutary tribute of sorrowful remembrance. 'H'appy,' says the old adage, 'is the grave that the rain rains on;' and in the island of which I speak, perhaps the saying may be 'Beloved is the dust we spit upon.' Anciently the subject of Optics was illustrated only by those who possessed ample knowledge in relation to the qualities of saliva. The popular occultist was one who saw,

—'or fancied, in his dreaming mood.
All the diseases that the spittle's know.

Even modern opticians, in their discussions upon the eye, have recommended a research of the old schoolman's tomes, that it may be decided whether any 'solvent, sanative, or medicament, connected with saliva, and lost to the occultist of the present day, was not in vogue of yore.

For the Traveller.

SONG,

BY C. G. E.

I knew he would leave me,
For men keep no vows,
And if o'er the fountain
Of love his lip bows,
'Tis only a moment
Its sweetness to taste,
To drink and depart—
But leave it a waste!

I knew he would leave me,
But still, could not say,
For the spell was upon me—
'Deceiver, away!'
I lov'd him—he lingered—
But has left me at last,
To weep for my weakness,
And dream o'er the past.

I knew he would leave me,
E'en when on my breast,
His proud head was pillow'd
In love's sweet unrest;
And I tried as I parted
His locks, to say, 'go,'
I lov'd him, he linger'd,
I could not, oh no!

I knew he would leave me,
But I lov'd not the less,
And clung to his bosom
While its beating could bless;
He has gone, he has gone,
He has left me at last,
To weep for my weakness,
And dream o'er the past.

PETERSBURGH—The imperial residence, and the emporium of the foreign trade of Russia, ranks in extent and population next to Moscow, the ancient metropolis, and merits, on many accounts, an equal, if not a superior degree of attention. The place where it stands is in the provinces of Ingria and Finland, in 59 deg. 56 min. north latitude, was a dreary extent of barren morass, under a rigid climate, uninviting to luxury, and unlikely to become the residence of one of the most splendid courts of Europe. But Peter the Great, having conquered the province from the Swedes, and being desirous of opening a communication by the Baltic with the rest of Europe, in order to render Russia a commercial and maritime power, resolved to build here a city that might serve as an emporium of trade. He remove his court thither, and it at once became the capital of the empire.

When the stranger enters St. Petersburg, his eyes are struck with a scene of novel magnificence. The vast spaces of its streets and the areas give it a superiority over every other European capital. In every ancient city, the disparity of the buildings, and the incongruity of its different parts, point out the gradual progress of its prosperity and taste.—But in Petersburg all is modern, the whole is the result of one grand design. The traveller's attention is first attracted by the prodigious length and breadth of the streets, the magnitude and magnificence of the houses, which are of brick, stuccoed and stained so as to resemble stone, and built in the

Italian style of architecture. They mostly consist of four stories including the basement, in the centre of which is generally a carriage gateway; the roof is composed of sheets of iron or copper and painted red or green. The celebrated street, called the Grand Perspective, runs the length of about four miles in a direct line, from the church of the admiralty, from which the principal streets in that quarter diverge like radii, to the monastery of St. Alexander Nevski. It is lined with noble houses and elegant churches; but the linden trees, which enclose the broad foot path in the middle, and which from the want of soil and moisture look sickly, diminish the beauty of the perspective.

It would lead to a tedious prolixity to attempt a description of the various embellishments of Petersburg; but the celebrated colossal statue of Peter the Great, cannot be omitted in any sketch which is given of this new capital of Russia. This stupendous monument, raised by the munificence of Catharine II. and the genius of Stephen Falconet, to the memory of the founder of Russian greatness, exceeds every thing of the kind, which even Roman magnificence could display. The granite rock which serves as a pedestal, after having the superfluous parts broken off by explosion, was 38 feet in length, 21 in breadth and the same in height; and its weight by calculation, 3,206,000 pounds, or 1428 tons, 11 cwt. 48 lbs. This ponderous stone was found in a marshy forest, about nine English miles from St. Petersburg, and was conveyed to the place of its destination, partly by land and partly by water—over hills and bogs, and on the river Neva, by windlasses and nautical machines, constructed under the inspection of that able engineer, Chevalier Lascari, who has given an account of this stupendous performance, in a volume, published in 1777. The colossal figure of the monarch, in bronze, is eleven feet high; the dress is in the Russian style, with half boots, whiskers and cropped hair; the head is encircled with a crown of laurel, and the right arm extended. The head was modelled by Mademoiselle Collett, and is estimated a great likeness. The whole attitude is noble, and full of expression. The horse, which is seventeen feet high, is executed in high perfection, animated with great fire and execution, galloping up the rock, and treading with his hind foot upon a serpent; the whole being emblematical of the difficulties which Peter had to encounter in civilizing his empire. On the side of the pedestal facing the admiralty, is this inscription in the Russian language:—"Petrü Pövmu, E Katarina utoria;" and on the side towards the senate, the same in Latin, "Petro primo, Catharina secunda, 1782." To this monument of Catharine's munificence and Falconet's art, the world affords no parallel—and Petersburg would merit the attention of the tourist if it contained nothing else worthy of notice.

The winter palace, the work of the Empress Elizabeth, begun in 1754, and finished in 1762, the last year of her reign, is a prodigious structure in the form of a long quadrangle. It stands on the right bank of the Neva. Each of its fronts, towards the river and towards the town, are 450 English feet in length, the other two sides 350 feet, and the height 70 feet.

A WEDDING.—The bride turned a little pale, and then a little flushed, and at last had just the right quantity of bright, becoming color, and almost shed a tear, but not quite, for a smile came instead and chased it away. The bridegroom was

warned not to forget the ring, and all were assembled round the altar: "I will," was uttered in a clear, low voice, and the new name written—and Sophy Grey was Sophy Grey no more; and she turned her bright face to be looked on, and loved, and admired, by the crowd of relations and friends surrounding her; and they thought that Sophy Stoketon was still dearer and prettier than even Sophy Grey had been—and then the carriages were entered, and the house was reached. Sophy walked into her father's house—her childhood's home—her home no longer—and the bridal dress was changed, and the travelling dress took its place, and all crowded round her—the father, the mother, the sister, the brothers—all crowded round her to say good-by—to look and look on that dear face once more—to feel that her fate was sealed—to pray that it might be a happy one—to think that she was going away—away from her home—away with a stranger! and tears and smiles were mingled, and fond looks, and long embraces—and a father's mingled tear of joy and sorrow was on her cheek; and the sister's tear, that vainly tried to be a smile, and the mother's sobs: and Sophy Grey left her father's house—left it with the bright beam of joy and hope upon her brow; and another moment, the carriage door was closed, the last good-by uttered—and Sophy was gone. Oh! how melancholy! how lonely does the house appear, where but a moment before all had been interest and hurry! Who has not experienced the deserted sensation, when those we have been accustomed to see are gone—when the agitation, the interest at parting is over;—the forlorn, empty look of the room—the stillness—the work box, the drawing materials, the music, all gone; or perhaps one single thing left to remind how all was—a flower, perhaps, that had been gathered and cast aside—the cover of a letter which had been scribbled over in the forgetfulness of the happy conversation.—*Anne Grey.*

ITALIAN PRIESTS.—A social spirit seems to animate the priesthood in this corner of the world.—I have two very benign examples under my eye at this moment, who do not appear to turn away from the joyous greetings of a noisy party just landed from a market-boat, or to deem it ungracious to join cordially in the gossip of a circle of women sitting under the shade of a natural bower of vines, while the males of their party are loading their mules with its produce. Perhaps the influence which the Catholic priest possesses over his flock is as much owing to these habits of kindness and intimate union, as to the terrors of the ban, or the lure of absolution. Education, superior knowledge, and a sacred station preserve the necessary authority on one side, and submission on the other; while the friendly relations which usually subsist between the pastor and his flock create a strong feeling of personal affection. I recollect once hearing an Irish woman complaining of her parish priest: he was not like the old one (she said). Heaven rest his soul! who though the finest of scholars, was not above sitting down in her cabin and taking a draught of butter-milk. The mass did her no good, now; it was better (she added vehemently) to have his grave in the place than the living body who had come after him, who did not know the faces of her children, and called her "honest woman," as if her lawful name was not Mrs. O'Leary. On how slight a thread hangs allegiance!—*A Lady's Reminiscences.*

MOTION AND MATTER.—It was a principle held by Descartes, that there was always the same quantity of motion and the same quantity of matter in the world; in other words, that it was impossible for any finite being to create or destroy motion, or to create or destroy matter. With respect to matter, it is universally admitted, that it is impossible to call in existence any thing which has not before existed, and that it is equally impossible to annihilate that which has previously existed. It is not so obvious, that it is impossible for us to increase and diminish the quantity of motion which exists in the world; nevertheless, in the sense in which the principle was intended to be understood by the author, it is undoubtedly a true one. It is impossible for any living being to create any degree of progressive motion, even in the body of a living being; for if an animated being give itself a progressive motion, in any direction, it is sure to destroy exactly as much progressive motion in something else, in the same direction. If an animal, walking on the surface of the earth, moves progressively forward, he propels himself by striking the earth from under him, and gives the earth the same quantity of motion in another direction to that in which he moves, or, in other words, borrows from the earth exactly as much motion as he takes himself. If a living being were suspended in space, without a fulcrum against which to move his legs, he would remain still, however much he were to swing his legs. Thus, there is more in this principle of Descartes than at first appears. It will be rendered still more evident, by supposing a man placed on perfectly smooth ice, which would destroy his gravity. If he stood upon skates, perfectly smooth and rounded off on all sides, so as not to allow him to make any impression on the ice, it would be impossible for him to move forwards, and he would remain perfectly still.

THE LOST KEY.—Patrick Lyon was a capital hand at making a safety lock, and no less adroit in picking one in an honest way. A merchant of Philadelphia having unfortunately lost the key of his iron chest, sent for Mr L. to come to his office for the purpose of opening it. Patrick easily accomplished the task, and when asked how much he charged for the service, demanded five dollars. The merchant was quite amazed, and refused to pay so much; whereupon the artist, who had still kept his hand upon the ponderous lid, slapped it down again, and leaving it *in statu quo*, departed. The merchant was in a quandary; the contents of his chest were indispensable to his commercial operations; there was not another locksmith in the United States who possessed the *open sesame* of a door so hermetically circumstanced. He sent for Patrick a second time, and a second time did Mr Lyon effect the liberation of the imprisoned bolt, taking care to hold in his hand the lid, as before.—The merchant, quite delighted at again beholding his account books, handed Mr L. a five dollar note; but the chest had been opened twice, and Patrick demanded ten. The merchant was indignant at the former demand, but he was hounding mad when he found the compensation doubled; he peremptorily refused to pay him; and Patrick having slapped down the lid again, walked a second time leisurely back to his workshop. The blacksmith, however, was finally triumphant. The merchant was compelled again to send for the ingenious mechanic, and having received the sum of fifteen dollars, *beforehand*, he applied his instruments a third

time, and, having unlocked the chest, left it open for his employer's use.

NATIVES OF TERRO DEL FUEGO.—In one of my visits to their wigwags, with the view of instructing them how to be useful to themselves and to each other, a red pocket handkerchief attracted their attention. This I presented to the youngest female in the company, which consisted of five persons. The girl to my great surprise, deliberately tore it into ribands, and began to ornament her hair with it; she also tied some pieces round her waist, having previously offered me some dried fish in return for my present. We had given them fish-hooks, lines, knives, needles and thread, scissors, etc. and I endeavored to instruct them how to use the latter articles, so essential to the economy and manufacture of dress among ourselves. The Fuegians are decidedly a tractable and docile people, fully capable of receiving instructions, and I took no small pains in teaching one of the women the art of using a needle and thread to the best of my humble abilities in that time. I thought I should have succeeded by the attention which was paid to me by my pupil; for, although my performance was none of the best, it was sufficient to 'teach the young idea.' But, alas, it was to no purpose. I might have spared my trouble; for the woman on whom my pains had been bestowed, deliberately made a hole with the needle and then drew the thread out of it, and proceeded to insert it into the hole the needle had made. This was the more provoking, because, in spite of all my instruction, she still persisted in doing so. * *

The canoes of the Fuegians are constructed principally of the bark of the beach-tree wrapped and secured round a series of half hoops of the wood of the same tree, which serve as ribs, and are placed a short distance apart. They are plastered with clay, which renders them heavy, although they are not more than nine feet in length. The upper sides of the canoes are kept together by means of three thwarts or cross pieces, and the persons in them are generally seated on the bottom. They never make use of a sail, but invariably make use of paddles; a small fire is generally seen in the middle of them; and they use a little cup made of a peculiar flat sea weed, much resembling leather, for the purpose of baling the water out of it. The canoe constitutes the principal riches of a Fuegian family: it affords them the means of transporting themselves from one place to another, and also enables them to obtain the principal part of their food.—*Webster's Voyage of the Chanticleer.*

THE MEDUSÆ.—In the early part of December, the water in the harbour where we were lying was covered with Medusæ, and on the following night the most brilliant illumination in the water ensued. In size, these medusæ varied from one to eight inches long, and were bell-shaped, or like a mitred cone, but frequently assuming different figures. From the edges or rim of the cavity, a loose, fleeculent membrane, which much resembles a delicate gauze net, was spread to catch its prey. On the external convex surface of one of these medusæ, which I examined, were eight longitudinal rows of small imbricated processes slightly curved, which acted as a series of little flippers, for they had the power of rapid motion, and they appeared like the delicate cogs of a small wheel. On examining this medusæ, I found that, when it

was desirous of moving itself, several or all of these rows were put into motion. I became so much interested in the beautiful although minute organization of the little creature, that I could not help attentively watching it for some time; and it was highly gratifying to see the little fellow propel himself forward rapidly, by putting his oars, if I may so call them, into motion, and as suddenly stop himself when they ceased, and turn himself with ease, by working his oars in contrary directions.—The motion of his oars imparted to them a succession of the most beautiful colors I ever witnessed; the deep bright emerald green, the beautiful rose color, gold and crimson, blue and purple, succeeded each other in rapid alternation while it lasted, and rivetted the eyes of the beholder with their no less graceful motion. The moment, however, that this motion ceased, no change of color was perceptible. I could not help thinking, as I contemplated the elegance of the little creature's shape, its rapid and yet graceful movements, and the beautiful colors which they produced, that it would be a splendid ornament for the drawing-room table; for it is decidedly one of the most beautiful objects of the creation. The skill and wisdom displayed in its mechanical structure is admirable; its flippers move like the paddles of a steam-boat, obedient to will; and yet this creature is placed by naturalists in the lowest scale of organized nature, and is regarded as being without a sentient principle, without muscles, and without a brain, the great organ of volition. But there are more secrets in nature than are dreamed of in philosophy.—*Voyage of H. M. S. Chanticleer.*

TRAIT OF INDIAN CHARACTER.—The following was related to one of the residents of Green Bay, by an Indian, who was an eye witness of the transaction alluded to. The details have been furnished us, as taken from the lips of the Indian.

On the island of Monacauning, in Lake Superior, 93 miles from Fond du Lac, the French had a Fort, long previous to its surrender to the English in 1763. It was garrisoned by regular soldiers, and was the most northern point at which the King had troops stationed. The English, on taking possession, demolished it, and removed every valuable to the Sault St. Marie. The Fort had been strongly fortified, and its remains are yet to be seen.

In the autumn of 1760, all the traders but one left the post as was usual, for their wintering grounds. The individual who remained, had with him his wife, who was a native of Montreal, his child, a small boy, and one servant.

During the winter, the servant, probably for the purpose of plunder, killed the trader and his wife, and soon after murdered the child. He continued at the fort until Spring. When the traders came in, they enquired for the gentleman and his family, but the servant said they had left him in the month of March to go to their sugar camp beyond the Bay, since which time he had neither seen nor heard of them. The Indians, whose character was rather implicated by the statement, were not well satisfied with this account, and were determined to examine into its truth. They went out, and searched for the family's tracks upon the snow, but found none, and their suspicions of the real murderer increased. They however remained perfectly silent on the subject. When the snow had melted away, and the frost left the ground, they took sharp stakes and examined around the

fort, by striking them into the ground, until they found three soft spots a short distance from each other, and digging down they discovered the bodies.

The servant was immediately seized, and despatched to Montreal in a canoe for trial. When passing the Long Sault, in the River St. Lawrence, the news reached the Indians in the canoe, of the advances the English had made on Montreal, and they could not in safety proceed to that place. They at once became a *War party*; their prisoner was released, and joined and fought with them. In due time they were satiated with the war, and their bad success, and sought their own land. The prisoner continued with them, as one of their party, on their return; and just before they reached the Sault St. Marie, they held a dance; "they struck the post," and each one of them boasted, after the Indian manner, of his exploits. This man in his turn danced up to the post, boasted that he had killed the trader and his family, and related all the circumstances attending the murder. The Chief heard in silence, saving the usual *grunt*, responsive to the speaker. The evening passed away, and nothing occurred. The next day, the Chief called his young men aside, and said to them: "Heard you not this man's speech last night? He now admits that he is guilty of the murder with which we charged him! He ought not to have boasted of it. We boast of having killed our *enemies*, but never our *friends*. Now he is returning to the spot where he committed the act, and where we live,—perhaps to do a similar deed. He is a bad man—neither we nor our friends are safe. If you are of my mind, we will strike this murderer on the head, for he deserves to die." They all declared themselves to be of his opinion, and determined that justice should be rendered him speedily and effectually. They continued encamped—made a feast, of which this man partook—filled his dish with an extravagant quantity of victuals—and when he had commenced his meal, the chief informed him, in a few words, that he *must die*; that the council had decreed his death as soon as he had finished his meal, either by eating the whole contents of the dish, or as much as he could. The man becoming sensible of his perilous situation, from the appearance of things around him, availed himself of the longest time allowed—did ample justice to the liberality of his host,—in both meat and drink,—nay, continued to eat so long, and was as tedious as if at a modern fashionable dinner, (very much to the discomposure of the *phiz of justice*, in this instance personified by the chief, who sat all the time smoking, and throwing out the smoke of his pipe through his nose,) but all was of no avail to the culprit,—when he ceased to eat, he ceased to breathe! The chief cut him up, and boiled him, and when he offered him to his young men, they rejected him, saying, "No, he is not worthy to be eaten—he is worse than a bad dog. We will not taste him, for if we do, we shall be worse than dogs ourselves."

LITTELL'S MUSEUM.—It gives us great pleasure to inform the public of the improvements lately introduced in this popular and entertaining periodical. It has ever been considered a welcome visitant, as affording a variety of interesting matter, selected with great taste and discrimination from the best sources of foreign literature. Altho' no change in the proprietorship will be made, the

management of this publication for the present year has been committed to Mr. Adam Waldie, whose experience will enable him to continue the Museum worthy the patronage of the public, and who will devote that attention to it, which the engagements of Mr. Littell, particularly his publication of "Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs of illustrious and noble Characters," would incapacitate him from affording it. We have, ere now, observed that very many articles, in the different English magazines, were wholly uninteresting to the reader, on account of their confinement to local topics, and from various other causes. This we believe to be the case; and therefore consider a work as eminently worthy the attention of the public, which, at a low price, presents only those papers that may prove useful and agreeable. These advantages can be derived from a perusal of the Museum, and we hope that its circulation, which is now very large, may be commensurate with its merits.

Since writing the above we have received the January number. It is much enlarged, and materially improved in all respects in its appearance.—This number contains 120 pages, with double columns; the type is good, and the paper of a much better quality. It is ornamented with a full length portrait of Grant Thorburn, and a handsome engraving of "Dove Dale."

POEMS BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.—We have long been familiar with the fugitive sketches of Mrs. Sigourney, those we mean which have circled through the numerous periodicals of our country; and we well remember the interest which we took in the little volume of her early effusions, which she published many years ago. These poems have long been the delight of readers of taste, and many have wished to see a collection of them in a neat and convenient volume. Such a volume is now before us, a handsome duodecimo of about three hundred pages, from the press of Key & Biddle, Philadelphia, for a copy of which the reader may call on W. D. Ticknor, Washington street.

Mrs. Sigourney is the Hemans of America.—No poetess of our country has taken a higher and purer flight through the realms of imagination.—There is a classic dignity, a chaste sweetness, a devotional delicacy, pervading all her effusions.—She instructs while she delights, and elevates while she refines. Every page breathes the life of poetry, and the purity of religion. She pleases the aged, and delights the young. The mourner may gather consolation from her musings, the thoughtless may find themes for reflection, and the inexperienced may yield their imaginations and their hearts to her guidance, without fear of being betrayed into folly, or misled into error.

The poems of Mrs. Sigourney are all of them short. They are flowers gathered in a single excursion, and presented to the reader in all the freshness and fragrance of their original beauty. The two longest are Connecticut River and Flora's Party, and neither of these exceeds a hundred and fifty lines. Her sketches in blank verse are many of them exceedingly beautiful, and her stanzas are pearls of exquisite richness and beauty. The ballad entitled Bernardine du Born, has all the merit of an epigram, excepting its brevity.

King Henry sat upon his throne,
And full of wrath and scorn,
His eye a recreant knight surveyed,
Sir Bernardine du Born;
And he that haughty glance returned
Like lion in his lair,
And loftily his unchained brow
Gleamed through his crisped hair.

"Thou art a traitor to the realm,
Lord of a lawless band,
The hold in speech, the fierce in broil,
The troubler of our land;
Thy castles and thy rebel towers
Are forfeit to the crown,
And thou beneath the Norman axe
Shall end thy base renown.

"Deign'st thou no word to bar thy doom,
Thou with strange madness fired?
Hath reason quite forsook thy breast?"
Plantagenet inquired.
Sir Bernard turned him to the king,
He blenched not in his pride;
"My reason failed, my gracious liege,
The year Prince Henry died!"

Then in the mourning father's soul
Each trace of ire grew dim;
And what his buried idol loved
Seemed cleansed of guilt to him.
And faintly through his tears he spoke,
"God send his grace to thee,
And for the dear sake of the dead,
Go forth, unscathed and free."

Radiant Clouds at Sunset is another gem worthy of Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, or any other poet.

Bright clouds! ye are gathering one by one,
Ye are sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,
With crimson banner, and golden pall,
Like a host to their chieftain's funeral!
Perchance ye tread to that hallowed spot
With a mournful dirge, but we hear it not!

But methinks that ye tower with a lordlier crest,
And a gorgeous flush, as he sinks to rest!
Not thus in the day of his pride and wath,
Did ye dare to press on his glorious path!
At his noontide glance ye have quaked with fear,
And hastened to hide in your misty sphere.

Do you say *he is dead!* You exult in vain,
With your rainbow robe and your swelling train,
He shall rise again with his strong, bright ray;
He shall reign in power, when you fade away!
When ye darkly cower in your vapory hall
Tintless, and naked, and noteless all.

The soul! the soul! with its eye of fire,
Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire,
It shall spread its wings o'er the ills that pained,
The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained.
It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway,
And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.

Thus sung the Bard his long farewell
 To Love's enchanting theme,
 And fancied, o'er his brilliant spell,
 He should no longer dream.
 But when the night-star's thrilling rays
 In beauty smiled above,
 He touched the harp of early days,
 And still it breathed of love!

WESTERN CHAIN OF THE ANDES.—With respect to the western chain of the Andes, the highest summit which it presents is a cone, or rather a dome, of trachyte, which rises majestically above the valley of Chuquibambá to the north of Arequipa, and nearly at the point where that chain begins to separate itself from the eastern chain.—This mountain attains a height of 22,000 feet. To the east and north-west of the town of Arequipa occurs the valley of the same name, surrounded by mountains covered with eternal snow. The central peak of this group of nevados is the celebrated volcano of Arequipa. Its elevation exceeds 18,000 feet. More to the south, between the parallels of Arica and of the Rio de Loa, are several volcanic cones of a great height. The volcano of Guatieri, in the Bolivian province of Carangas, rises above a table-land of sandstone, which contains much copper. The cone, which attains the region of eternal snow, offers the most imposing aspect by its regular and almost geometric form. Vapor and smoke are constantly issuing from it.—The great chain of the Peruvian Andes divides itself, between the 14th and 20th degrees of south latitude, into two longitudinal branches. These two branches are separated from one another by a great valley, or rather by a plateau, whose surface is elevated 2033 toises above the level of the sea, and whose northern extremity comprises the lake of Titicaca. The shores and the islands of this lake are remarkable for having been the seat of the ancient civilization of Peru, and the central point of the Empire of the Incas. The western chain separates the bed of the lake of Titicaca, and the valley of Desaguadero forms the coast of the southern ocean, and presents a great number of volcanoes in actual activity. Its geognostic structure is essentially volcanic, whilst the eastern chain is entirely formed of secondary and transition mountains. Between the parallel of Salhuama and that of Tacora (17°51') there are several other volcanic mountains, some of which attain an elevation of 20,000 feet. The village of Tacora is the most elevated group of habitations upon the earth (2232·2 toises). It is situated in a little valley which separates two of these enormous cones. Mr. Pentland mentions, as a characteristic feature of the physical constitution of the ancient inhabitants of southern America, their inclination to elevate themselves upon the highest parts of the chain of the Andes, and the faculty which they had of executing mining labors in these regions. The Cerro de Desaguadero, situated upon the northern slope of the Illimani, is composed of transition slates, in which an immense quantity of veins and of transported auriferous quartz is met with; the northwestern part is cut off almost vertically; it is, nevertheless, covered with little excavations, whence the Peruvians obtained a great quantity of auriferous earth long before the conquest of the Spaniards. Several of these artificial excavations (*bocas minas*) are met with at a height of 16,600 feet. In other parts of High Peru, strangers are equally struck with the astonishing elevation at which mining excavations were carried on. All

the Cerro de Potosi is at 16,080 feet of elevation; and yet that mountain is covered, up to its summit, with wells and galleries. The entry of the gallery of San Miguel and of Pomare, in the Peruvian province of Lampa, is still more elevated; it is close to the inferior limit of perpetual snows. The highest habitations of men, between the 14th and the 18th degrees of south latitude, are more than 15,600 feet in elevation; and little villages and post-houses are found up to 14,400 feet. Mr. Pentland mentions the post-house of Poti and that of Apo. Many villages are up to 14,275 feet in height. The most populous towns of High Peru, such as Potosi, Puno, and Chucuito, are above 12,800 feet in elevation. The most elevated habitations in the globe occur, then, in these countries. The flowering plants (*Panagamous*) which Mr. P. found at the greatest elevation, belong to the grasses (*Graminae*) and thistle tribe (*Compositae*). Upon the slope of the Illimani they attain an elevation of 15,500 feet, and upon the Cerro de Potosi, 15,700 feet; lands are cultivated to an elevation of 14,000 feet. Rye, potatoes, maize, kidney-beans, and even the barley of the old world, are reared in abundance upon the shores and islands of the lake of Titicaca, at 12,700 feet of elevation. The maize of these islands has much reputation.—*British Association Journal*: No. 5.

GREEK FORMS OF WORSHIP.—I have been for some time trying to understand the religion of the Greeks. As far as I have hitherto succeeded, it appears a strange mixture of feasts and fasts; of ringing of bells and muttering jargon. This morning, as Nina and I were trying the music of a new opera, an unusual noise on the esplanade drew us to the verandah, and we saw a procession passing by; a military band; priests in their flowing robes, bearing lighted wax tapers as tall as themselves; flags, crosses, pictures, carried aloft; incense waving; a penitent clad in white, bare-footed, and bending under the weight of a heavy black cross; and last of all the hero of the day, the mummy of St. Spiridon himself, in a sort of sedan chair, borne aloft on men's shoulders, and shaded by an embroidered canopy; no, I was wrong to say, last of all, for those who came after the body, made me blush for my countrymen. The governor, the representative of majesty, followed bareheaded, the idol of the people. Little sick children were brought out and laid in the road, that the shadow of the saint might pass over them. If, by chance, they recover, their mothers will make them wear a priest's robe for a certain number of years, as a thank offering to the saint. Vows are as common among the Greeks as among the Roman Catholics. Nina was telling me of one of her sisters, who had vowed to wear a veil for three years, during her lover's absence.—*Sketches of Corfu*.

STORIES OF GEN. WARREN.—Mr. Jas. Loring has presented young readers with a little volume of stories about Gen. Warren, the fifth of March massacre, and the battle of Bunker Hill, from the pen of a lady of this city. She has brought together some facts from authentic history and many from sources hitherto inaccessible to authors, and arranged them in the simple, pleasing form of a dialogue, between a mother and her son.—She hopes by this plan to place the leading causes of the revolution in so strong a light that every child may comprehend them as soon as he can read.

no longer. I looked in the water that went rippling under the bridge and wondered how a man felt when he was drowning. I tried to recollect all I had heard about different ways of dying; which was the easiest; which disfigured one the least, &c. and I finally concluded that drowning must be best for a man that had neither friends nor money, since 'twas death and burial all at once, and left no funeral charges for the town to pay.—I thought how Helen would feel if she should ever hear what became of me. I wondered if my body would ever be found, and if it were, how the "melancholy intelligence" would run in the newspapers. Just then I heard a footstep and looking up I saw a travelling trunk pedlar before me looking earnestly at me. Do you wish to trade, said I, mirthfully, I'll take a razor and let you have a carcase in pay, and I laughed aloud. "John Farnsworth! by all that is true," he exclaimed, offering his hand; "what on earth is the matter that you sit here with such a face as that; why man, your laugh sounds like a violin in a sepulchre." In the pedlar I recognized the very one who had formerly procured me goods. He sat down and in tones of kindness and interest that I had not heard for many weeks, inquired into my condition. He spoke to me in a respectful way too, that soothed my wounded pride and so softened my heart that I could have cried like a child. Briefly and bitterly I told him my tale, and then seriously asked him to go on his way, for I did not like to drown myself in his presence; I should not do it so well. The fellow looked at me, and despite his sympathy burst out a laughing. "And you really think you mean to jump into that water that is about up to your knees and lie there till you are drowned; if I was to put you in this minute you would scream like a loon. Think how foolish you'd feel to float down stream and clog the factory wheels down yonder, and have the factory girls pull you out by pieces and wonder whether you were a man or a beast." All the reason and philosophy of man, could not have wrought so sudden a change in my mind as the speech of the pedlar. The ludicrous for a moment governed every other emotion and I laughed most heartily. But what can I do, asked I?

"Do! why any thing rather than drown; turn pedlar or any thing else."

I started on my feet; why had I never thought of it before? I could be a pedlar if I was poor. We turned our steps back to the city. By his recommendation I once more obtained goods on commission, and swinging my trunks across my shoulder, I have travelled hither and thither ever since. There is something about the wandering trade that suits my fancy, and I cannot say but the hope of meeting Helen in my wanderings has some share in making me follow the trade, though I have now laid by enough to finish my studies.—She left Connecticut soon after the fracas—no longer dependent on her relatives. Her uncle had been forced to refund her portion, that he had smuggled into his own hands, while acting as her father's executor, and I heard she had gone to reside in the eastern part of this state; but I have never met her from that day to this. In my travels I have met both my old friends. Betsy Halliday married her townsman, and moved to a town on the Connecticut, where with the five hundred dollars, they bought a small farm, and being a very industrious couple, have managed to work up a decent establishment. The only time I ever saw her, I passed their house on one of those seasons,

called a *butchering*. Betsy was out in the shed, superintending the scene of slaughter, and seeing that all was done prudently, and as it should be. Wishing her 'gude man' joy of his thrifty partner, I passed on my way rejoicing.

Miss Hammond, after chewing the bitter cud of single blessedness a year, 'trapped a varmint' from the West—a travelling Baptist preacher; long, lank, and cadaverous, and as lean in purse as in person. Finding her rather an encumbrance than a help-mate, he forgot to take her with him in one of his expeditions, and she was left in Providence to shift for herself. It is not more than three weeks since I saw her in a small tenement in one of the back streets, where her love of literature still prevailing, she was stitching pamphlets for the booksellers. I sold her some suitable needles and thread, and as I left the house, I heard her order a little girl peevishly to supply that fire with a little oxygen from the bellows. Smiling at the tenacity with which our frailties cling to us, I went on, choosing a thousand times my life of pedlar, with my trunks at my sides, than law and respectability with her for a wife. You may wonder how I could meet old acquaintances without being recognized. When I took up peddling, I made, from motives of pride, some slight but material alterations in my appearance. This for instance—and losing some hidden connection, he took off the matted red wig and whiskers that so disfigured him, and standing erect, he appeared altogether a different being.—The metamorphose was so complete and sudden, that we almost doubted the evidence of our senses. I had observed, during the progress of the pedlar's story, the agitation, at times almost ungovernable, of the dark-eyed girl at the table, and the look of interest with which the pedlar watched her every emotion. When I looked to see the effect his sudden change of appearance had produced on her, she had left the room, and we saw her not again before our departure from the hospitable roof, early the next morning.

A week or two ago, chance again made me a traveller on the Cape. The circumstances of that evening were most vividly remembered, and when I once more came in sight of the house, my interest to know more of the parties would not allow me to pass without calling. All looked precisely as it had done three years before, except that Time, who is always pulling down something, had pulled here and there a brick from the chimney, and dotted the roof a little thicker with moss. I entered, made myself known, took a chair, and looked round the circle to note Time's changes there. The babe was a child, the child was a boy, and the boys were men. The old lady was not there, and her easy chair was set back against the wall, as if she had done with it. Well, I thought, no doubt she was prepared. But where was the joyous daughter?—Sadly anticipating the answer—"died of consumption last fall." I enquired for the missing one. "Why, did you never know she was not our daughter? she was only our niece, and was the very Helen the pedlar told about. She married him two years ago. He practices law, is gone now to the Legislature, and grandmother stays there to take care of the baby."

CURE FOR SWEARING.—Hawkins, who was a religious man himself, endeavoured to encourage in his people those religious feelings which they had rather disregarded than despised; and after they had solemnly returned thanks to God for their deliverance when the ship was on fire and in im-

minent danger of being consumed, he took occasion with their general consent, "to banish swearing out of the three ships." This was effected by ordaining, that in every ship there should be a ferula, or palmer, given to the first who was "taken with an oath." He could be rid of it only by taking another in the same offence, when he was to give him a palmada, or stroke on the palm, and transfer to him the instrument of punishment. Whoever had it in his possession at the time of morning or evening prayer was to receive three palmadas from the captain, or master, and still bear it, till he could make a transfer agreeable to the law. 'This, in a few days, "bro't swearing and ferulas out of use.—And," he adds, "in vices, custom is the principal sustenance; and, for their reformation, it is little available to give good counsel, or make good laws and ordinances, except they be executed."—*Southey's Naval History.*

VILLAGE OF THE SHAKERS.—The principal charm of Lebanon to me is the village of the "Shakers," lying in a valley about three miles off. As Glaucus wondered at the inert tortoise of Pompeii, and loved it for its antipodal contrast to himself, so do I *affection* (a French verb that I beg leave to introduce to the English language) the Shaking Quakers. That two thousand men could be found in the New World, who would embrace a religion enjoining a frozen and unsympathetic intercourse with the diviner sex, and that an equal number of females could be induced to live in the same community without locks or walls, in the cold and rigid observance of a creed of celibacy, is to me an inexplicable and grave wonder. My delight is to get into my stanhope after breakfast, and drive over and spend the forenoon in contemplating them at their work in the fields. They have a peculiar and most expressive physiognomy; the women are pale, or of a wintry redness in the cheek, and are all attenuated and spare. Gravity, deep and habitual, broods in every line of their thin faces.—They go out to their labour in company with those serious men, and are never seen to smile. Their eyes are all hard and stony, their gait is precise and stiff, their voices are of a croaking hoarseness, and nature seems dead in them. I would bake you such men and women in a brick-kiln. Do they think the world is coming to an end? Are there to be no more children? Is Cupid to be thrown out of business, like a coach proprietor on a railroad? What can the Shakers mean, I should be pleased to know? The oddity is, that most of them are young. Men of from twenty to thirty, and women from sixteen to twenty-five, and often, spite of their unbecoming dress, good-looking and shapely, meet you at every step. Industrious and self-denying, they certainly are, and there is every appearance that their tenets of difficult abstinence are kept to the letter. There is little temptation beyond principle to remain, and they are free to go and come as they list, yet there they live on in peace and unrepining industry, and a more thriving community does not exist in the republic. Many a time have I driven over on a Sunday, and watched those solemn virgins dropping in one after another, to the church; and when the fine-limbed, and russet-faced brotherhood were swimming round the floor, in their fantastic dance, I have watched their countenances for some look of preference, some betrayal of an ill-suppressed impulse, till my eyes ached again. I have selected the youngest and fairest, and have not lost sight of her

for two hours, and she might have been made of cheese-pairings for any trace of emotion. There is food for speculation in it. Can we do without matrimony? Can we "strike," and be independent of these dear delightful tyrants, for whom we "live and move, and have our being?" Will it ever be no blot on our scutcheon to have attained thirty-five as an unfructifying unit? Is that fearful campaign, with all its embarrassments and awkwardness, and inquisitions into our money and morals; its bullyings and backings-out—is it evitable?—*Pedlar Karl.*

FRENCH LOVE.—Love, that cordial, heart-in-heart kind of love which our English poets have so beautifully depicted, is not to be found in France. In every step of a French amour you are overpowered by words, you are adored, idolized; but in all the graceful positions into which gallantry throws itself, as amidst all the phrases it pours forth, there wants that quiet air, that deep, and tender, and touching, and thrilling tone which tell you beyond denial, that the heart your own yearns to is really and truly yours. The love which you find in France is the love made for society—not for solitude: it is that love which befits the dazzling salon, the satined boudoir; it is that love which pleases, and never absorbs; which builds no fairy palaces of its own, but which scatters over the trodden paths of life more flowers than a severer people find there. With this love the history of France is full. So completely is it national, that the most gallant reigns have never failed to be the most popular. The name of Henri IV. is hardly more historical than that of the fair Gabrielle; nor has it ever been stated, in diminution of the respect still paid to this wise and beloved king, that his paramour accompanied him in the council, kissed him publicly before his court, and publicly received his caresses. No: the French saw nothing in this but that which was *tout Français*; and the only point which they consider of importance is that the belle Gabrielle was really *belle*. On this point, considering their monarch's mistress as their own, they are inexorable; and nothing tended so much to depopularize Louis XIV. as his matrimonial intrigue with the ugly old widow of Scarron. Nor is it in the amours of their *monarchs only* that the French take an interest. Where is the *great man* in France whose fame is not associated with that of some softer being—of some softer being, who has not indeed engrossed his existence, but who has smoothed and rounded the rough and angular passages of public and literary life? Where is the Voltaire without his Madame de Chatelet? and yet, what was the nature of the poet's love for the lady whose death-bed he wept over, saying, "Ce grossier St. Lambert l'a tuée en lui faisant un enfant?" Where is the Mirabeau without his Sophie de Ruffay? and yet, what was the patriot's passion for his mistress whom he sacrificed to the payment of his debts, and with whose adoration he blended the nightmare reveries of a satyr's mirth? How many gentle episodes thro' their softening colors on the sanguinary superstitions of the League—on the turbulent and factious gatherings of the Fronde—on the fierce energies and infernal horrors of the revolution? How gracefully, in defiance of Robespierre, did the gallantry which decorated the court, survive in the prison, and sigh forth its spirit on the scaffold!—*H. L. Bulwer's France.*

BUTTERMILK FALLS.



Buttermilk-Falls Creek is in Luzerne county, Pennsylvania. It is a tributary stream of the Susquehanna river. Its springs are between the branches of the Lawahanoek, (pronounced by the settlers Lackawany,) and the Tunkanock. Uniting its different branches near the river, it falls into the Susquehanna on the east side, about twenty miles above the town of Wilkesbarre. The land on it is principally timbered with oak; the soil is, in general, of an inferior quality. This stream abounds with fine situations for mills, and other water works, having, in its course, several considerable falls, from a supposed resemblance in colour to the foam of which it derives its homely name. The sketch given with this, is of the lower fall, near the river.

It is to be observed, in this country, we apply the name of creek in a manner different from its signification in England. There, it means an arm of the sea, or inlet; with us, it denotes such a stream as in our mother country would be called a rivulet or river. But she can find among her streams no parallel to the majesty of our rivots, to whose

"dread expanse,
"Continuous depth and wondrous length of course,
"Her floods are rills."

LIFE IN MISSOURI.—The following amusing sketch of Western Life, is from Hall's "Tales of the Border."

"Some twelve or thirteen years ago, when the good land on the northern frontier of Missouri was beginning to be found out, and the village of Palmyra had been recently located on the extreme verge of the settlements of the white men, Uncle Moses who had built his cabin hard by, went into that promising village one day, in hopes of finding a letter from his cousin David, then at Louisville, and to whom he had written to come to Missouri. Three hours' pleasant ride brought him to town. He soon found Major Obadiah —, who had been lately appointed postmaster, and who had such an aversion to confinement, that he appropri-

ated his hat to all the purposes of a post office—an arrangement by which he complied with the law, requiring him to take special care of all letters and papers committed to his keeping, and the instructions directing him to be always found in his office, and at the same time enjoyed such locomotive freedom, as permitted him to go hunting or fishing at his pleasure. He was thus ready at all times, wherever he might be, to answer any call on his department promptly.

"The major, seating himself on the grass, emptied his hat of its contents, and requested uncle Moses to assist him in hunting for his letter: 'when-ever you come to any that looks dirty and greasy, like these,' said he, 'just throw them in that pile; they are all dead letters, and I intend to send them off to head quarters, the very next time the post rider comes; for I can't afford to tote them any longer, encumbering up the office for nothing.'—Uncle Moses thought they were at head quarters already, but made no remark, and quietly putting on his spectacles, gave his assistance as required.

"After a quarter of an hour's careful examination, it was agreed by both, that there was no letter in the office for uncle Moses.

"'But stop,' said the postmaster, as uncle Moses was preparing to mount his horse, 'you are a trading character,—come, let me sell you a lot of goods at wholesale. Willy Wan, the owner, has gone to St. Louis to lay in a fresh supply, and has left me to keep store for him till he returns. He has almost sold out, and I hate to be cramped up in a house all day, so have packed up the whole stock in these two bundles'—hauling them out of his coat pockets.

"Uncle Moses looked over them without ever cracking a smile, for it was a grave business.

"'Here, examine them—calicoes, ribbons, laces, &c. all as good as new—no mistake—I'll take ten dollars in coon skins for the whole invoice, which is less than cost, rather than tote them any longer.'

"The Major's offer of a lot of store goods, for less than cost, struck him favorably, and he offered three dozen raccoon skins for the whole.

'Take them,' said the Major—'it is too little, but if Wan doesn't like the trade, I'll pay the balance myself.'

"Now," said the Postmaster, 'let us go down to the river where Hunt, and the *balance of the boys*, are fishing. We have been holding an election here for the last two days, and as nobody came in to vote to-day, we all concluded to go fishing.'

"But what election is it?"

"Why, to elect delegates to form our State Constitution."

"I have heard of it, but had forgot it. I am entitled to a vote."

"Certainly you are. Hunt and I are two of the Judges. He has taken the poll-books along with him:—come along, we will take your vote at the river—just as good as if it was done in town. I hate formalities, and this three days' election—every one could as well do their voting in one."

"Down they went to the river; the Judges and clerks were called together, and recorded the first vote that Uncle Moses ever gave in Missouri."

THE GRAY CHAMPION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLE BOY."

There was a time when New-England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs, than those threatened ones which brought on the revolution. James II, the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldiery to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny; a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without the concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first hand of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil.

For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission, by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or Popish Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been morely nominal, and the colonies had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise, the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights, and the salvation of New-England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances on their oppressors; while, far and wide, there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish dependency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their disposition by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the red coats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appear-

ance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain, and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed, since the pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their characters, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy, but undimayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street that day, who had worshipped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles.—Old soldiers of the Parliament were here too, smiling grimly at the thought, that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burnt villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence, as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor, in disturbing the peace of the town, at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

'Satan will strike his master-stroke presently,' cried some, 'because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King street!'

Hereupon, the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied at that period that New-England might have a John Rogers of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

'The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew,' cried others. 'We are to be massacred, man and male child.'

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing, that Sir Edmund Andros intended at once to strike terror, by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction, by possessing himself of their chief.

'Stand firm for the old charter Governor,' shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. 'The good old Governor Bradstreet.'

While this cry was at the loudest, the people

soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

'What does this old fellow here?' cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. 'On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on!'

'Nay, away, let us show respect to the good grandsire,' said Bullivant, laughing. 'See you not, he is some old round-head dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of time? Doubtless, she thinks to put us down with a proclamation in old Noll's name!'

'Are you mad, old man?' demanded Sir Edmund Andros in loud and harsh tones. 'How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?'

'I have staid the march of a King himself, ere now,' replied the gray figure, with stern composure. 'I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his Saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a Popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a by-word in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night, thy power is ended—to-morrow, the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!'

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones in the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man—then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself.—What were his thoughts, he uttered no words which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, or ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed through New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported, that when the troops had gone from King-street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet the aged Governor was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marvelled at the venerable grandeur of aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine, and in twilight, but never saw him, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his grave-stone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after

times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch, and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that, whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King-street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with the slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker Hill, all through that night, the old man walked his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere it comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Champion come; for he is the type of New-England's hereditary spirit; and his shadow march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge, that New-England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

For the Traveller.

TO MY HAT.

BY C. G. E.

The winter storms come thick and fast,
And, wing'd with snow, the keen north blast
Is screaming like a creaking mast,

Along the sky;
And I, in faith, have sundry fears,
Relating to my expos'd ears,
Which tingle sharply for their years,
'Twixt you and I.

You've done your duty very well,
'Twere vain the when and where to tell,
But now old Boreas' breath I smell,
Suppose we say—
I'll lay you like an old friend by,
Till Spring shall open again her eye,
And, clothed in sunshine, kiss the sky,
And laugh all day.

Laid safely up, free from mishap,
You'll close away in dreamy nap,
Secure from insult, fall, or rap,
Or dust, or stain—
Among cigar ends, &c. &c.
Old shoes, run down in many a spree,
And bottles broken—Bible see!—
Shall be your reign.

When winter shall his hoarse songs hush,
I'll take thee down, and with my brush,
Give to thy cone-like self, a flush,
A jetty glow—
Good bye! the girls are in the sleigh,
I hear their silvery voices play—
My cap, the whip—now Bey—
Who who-o-a—go!

A HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.—A gentleman of an estimable character, and of no small consequence in his own eyes, and in the eyes of the public, employed Mr. Stuart to paint his portrait, and that of his wife, who, when he married her, was a very rich widow, born the other side of the Atlantic.—This worthy woman was very homely, while the husband was handsome, and of a noble figure.—The painter as usual, made the best of the lady, but could not make her so handsome as the husband wished, and preserve the likeness. He expressed in polite terms his dissatisfaction, and wished him to try over again. The painter did so, and sacrificed as much of the likeness to good looks as he possibly could, or ought. Still the complainant husband was uneasy, and the painter was

teased from one month's end to another to alter it. At length he began to fret; and to pacify him, Stuart told him that it was a common remark that wives were very rarely, if ever, pleased with pictures of their husbands, unless they were living ones. On the other side, husbands were as seldom pleased with their beloved wives, and gave him a very plausible reason for it. Once they unluckily both got out of temper at the same time, and snapped out their frettings accordingly. At last the painter's patience, which had been some time thread bare, broke out, when he jumped up, laid down his palette, took a large pinch of snuff, and walking rapidly up and down the room, exclaimed, "what a —— business is this of a portrait painter—you bring him a *potato*, and expect he will paint you a *peach*."

THE OLD BACHELOR AND HIS SISTER.

There were no old bachelors or old maids in Noah's ark. Whether any existed before the flood is doubtful. I incline to think that there were none; for if there had been, they would have been preserved as a curiosity, to say nothing of their innocence. They are peculiarly interesting creatures, considered in themselves—the old maid by herself, and the old bachelor by himself. But they are seldom seen to perfection, because they are so mixed up with the rest of the world. The old bachelor is in lodgings, and he goes to his club, and hardly looks like an old bachelor. The old maid, too, very often boards with a family, and so catches the airs and manners of the establishment as almost to lose her individuality; her mouth gets out of shape by laughing and talking like the rest of the world; and her taste in dress becomes vitiated from her habit of going a-shopping with married women and young girls. The perfection of celibacy is, when an old bachelor and an old maid, brother and sister, live together.

There is a pair in the precincts of Pimlico—the most pure and primitive patterns of preciseness, that mortal ever set eyes upon. They have lived together upward of thirty years, and really if you were to see them, and to observe how orderly and placidly everything proceeds with them, you could almost persuade yourself to believe that they might live thus for three hundred years. The brother is in one of the government offices, where he attends with such an exquisite regularity as to put chronometers and time-pieces to the blush. He has never been absent on any pretence whatever; and his punctuality is so remarkable, that the people about the office say that his coming to the door, is a signal for the clocks to strike. The clocks might, if they chose to take it into their heads, strike before he came; but it would be in vain, for nobody would believe them. He wears a blue coat with yellow buttons, a striped waistcoat, drab kersey-mere unmentionables with paste buckles at the knees, speckled silk stockings, and very broad silver shoe-buckles. All the change that has ever taken place in his appearance within the memory of man, is that once he wore a pigtail, and now he wears none. The disappearance of this appendage to his head is truly characteristic of his quiet placidity of manners; for it went—nobody knows when, where, why, or how: and of course nobody likes to ask him. The general opinion is, that it vanished by degrees, a hair at a time; and very likely, after it was all gone, people fancied that they still saw it; for they had been so long accustomed to it. The dress of Miss Milligan dif-

fers from that of her brother; not that its style is more modern, or more ancient, but that it is infinitely more various, seeing that she inherits three voluminous wardrobes, once the property of so many maiden aunts.

The house in which our old bachelor and his sister live is altogether of a piece with themselves. Gentle reader, suppose you and I go to dine with the old bachelor and his sister, by special invitation: you may go farther and fare worse; only I must tell you beforehand, that if you expect a three-course dinner, and silver forks, and all that sort of thing, you will be disappointed. Here—this is the house, with a little garden in front.—You would think that the little brass knocker had been polished with kid gloves; I have known it more than twenty years, and I am sure that it is not half the size that it was when I was first acquainted with it—it has been almost cleaned to death: I think that some of these days it will vanish as Mr. Milligan's pigtail has. There's a livery servant, such as you don't see every day—what a marvellously humble bow! he is out of the country, and has been for the last thirty years, during which time he has not been out of the house for more than half an hour at any one time, except when at church. His master and mistress have such a regard for his morals, that they have taken pains to prevent his forming any acquaintance with the servants in the neighborhood. And in order to bribe him into good morals—for bribery is not always corruption—his master and mistress promised him, when he first came to his place, that if he would conduct himself steadily and not get into bad company, they would make him a handsome present toward housekeeping when he should marry; the same promise also they made to their two female servants, who came into the establishment at the same time. All three of the domestics live in hopes of the premium for good behaviour, for they all avoid bad company even according to the rigid interpretation of Miss Milligan, who thinks men very bad company for women, and women very bad company for men. I very much admire simplicity of manners, especially in livery servants, and in this respect, Peter is without his parallel in London, indeed I may say, or the country either. Now we are in the drawing-room, and as soon as we have paid our respects to our host and hostess, we will take a mental inventory of the furniture. Such a curtesy as that deserves a very low bow. Do not the whole aspect of the apartment, and the look and tone of our friends, make you almost imagine that they did come out of Noah's ark, or rather that they did not come out of it, but are in it still? Over the fire-place you see a map of England, worked with red worsted upon yellow silk; it was originally white silk, and I remember it a great deal whiter than it is now. I hope you do not omit to notice the chimney-piece, and its ornaments, by means of which you may learn to what perfection the fine arts had reached in England thirty years ago. There's a fine crockery gentleman in pea-green breeches blowing the flute, and there's a pretty shepherdess in a gold-edged blue jacket, and high-heeled shoes, looking as sentimentally at a couple of French lap-dogs, as if they were veritable lambs. You think the carpet has shrunk, and contracted from age; no such thing; when Mr. Milligan first furnished his house, it was, or rather had been a fashion to have only the middle of the room covered with carpet; and he can tell you that when Queen Charlotte lived at Buckingham-house, there

was not one room entirely covered with carpet.—Those six prints of Italian scenery in narrow black frames have had their day, but are in as high repute as ever in Mr. Milligan's drawing-room. In the whole course of your life, did you ever see such a spindle-shanked tea-table as that in the corner? It looks like a great large ebony spider; black, however, as it looks, it is only mahogany. Miss Milligan recollects, as well as if it were but yesterday, that one of the last lamentations which her dear mother made concerning the alteration of the times, and the abominable innovations marking the degeneracy of the age, had reference to the wicked practice of suffering mahogany furniture to retain its natural color. And surely you must admire the elaborate carving on the backs of these chairs—the ears of wheat, the heads of cherubs—or of frogs—I could never exactly guess which of the two they were intended to represent. Look at the legs, or rather feet—they are something like feet; what fine muscular claws grasping a globe of wood! The chair-covers and the window-curtains were the work of Mr. Milligan's three maid-aunts.

But dinner is announced. Now, don't imagine that I am going to dance a minuet with Miss Milligan. I only offer her the tip of my finger to hand her into the dining-room; for if I were to offer to touch her under my arm as the fashion is now-a-days, I should frighten the worthy spinster out of her wits, and perhaps run a risk of being sent away without my dinner. First course, a dish of mackerel and gooseberry sauce, and marvelously good eating too, for those who are neither hungry nor dainty. Besides, you know we don't go to see our friends for the sake of eating and drinking. There is an old-maidishness in the look of mackerel, not that they are a very demure-looking fish, but they are neat, and prim, and very insipid withal. Yet considering how rapidly they increase and multiply, one should infer that celibacy is not much in vogue among them. I very much admire the contrivance of the dumb waiter, which prevents the parlor conversation from being repeated in the kitchen, and I would not on any account that Peter should be witness of our dinner talk, for he is a shrewd-looking man, and I guess he takes me for a conjurer—and so let him—I will not talk in his hearing and deceive him. Bless me! here comes the second course, I declare!—Nobody rang the bell; I wonder how they should know that we are ready for it. Everything in the house seems to move with the regularity of clock-work; indeed the whole house looks like one great clock. Second course—a roasted leg of lamb at the bottom—and what at the top? Broccoli.—And what in the middle? Potatoes. And what at the side? Mint-sauce. And what on the other side? Melted-butter. Now we are told that we see our dinner. I saw it in my mind's eye long ago. I knew it by the almanac, and could foretell it as easily as an astronomer can foretell an eclipse. Well, if a leg of lamb be not enough to feed four persons who have previously been eating mackerel and gooseberry sauce, all that I can say is, that they are gluttons, and ought to be ashamed of themselves. Here comes a third course!—if a course it may be called—a bread-and-butter pudding, and a rhubarb tart.

The cloth being removed, we shall have a glass of wine; for Mr. and Miss Milligan never drink wine at dinner. Capital mountain, as old as the hills. Did you ever see wine poured from a decanter into a wineglass with such an exquisite so-

lemnity? Miss Milligan never drinks port, but Mr. Milligan has some very fine old port in pint bottles, which is introduced on grand occasions, and this, of course, is one, for they never entertain a larger party than the present. A pint of port is not much to divide among three persons; but when wine is poured with an exquisite carefulness out of a small bottle into a small glass, it has a mighty knowing look, and goes as far again as when it is irreverently bobbed out of a broad-mouthed decanter flop into a great big wineglass, large enough for a punch-bowl or a horse trough. Neither Mr. or Miss Milligan ever open their mouths wide. As for Miss Milligan, she looks as if she were fed through a quill; and when she opens her mouth to yawn, you would fancy she was going to whistle. When Mr. Milligan has poured out the first glass, and when his guests, following his example and complying with his pressing invitation, have done the same, he carefully wipes the rim of the little black bottle with a D'Oyley, and setting it before him he corks it up again with as much care as if it were not to be opened again till this time twelvemonth. All this performance having been carefully gone through with as much gravity and preciseness as if it were some magic ceremony, and Miss Milligan having now left the dining for the drawing-room, Mr. Milligan smilingly and courteously drinks to the good health of his guests, and sips the first spoonful of his wine, smacking his lips and looking as knowing as the north star. The first glass generally lasts him about half an hour, and of course it lasts his guests as long. This is the proper mode of drinking wine; it makes one feel its value, and it unites duty and pleasure—to wit, the beauty of sobriety, and the pleasure of drinking. I don't like to see people drink wine as if it cost nothing; it shocks my sense of propriety to see port or claret clucked down the throat with as much flippant irreverence as if it were nothing but small beer. Half of the pleasure of drinking wine is in the gravity and ceremony with which it is done, and the pondering ruminativeness with which the palate dwells upon, and analyzes every drop. Wine comes from a great distance, is brought over in great ships, costs a great deal of money, pays a heavy duty, is moved from place to place with the ceremony and solemnity of a permit; it requires a long time to come to perfection; it ought not therefore to be drunk irreverently and carelessly. Mr. Milligan takes his wine as if he knew its value; and so he does, for he is a capital arithmetician, and can calculate compound interest to its minutest fraction. Six sips to one glass, with an interval of five minutes between each sip, are quite enough to assure one that the wine is properly enjoyed, and duly revered. I can't think how it is that my friend manages to make nine glasses out of a pint of wine, yet so he does; and as certainly as the little bottle has trotted its third round, so certainly comes Peter to announce that tea is ready, and so certainly also does our worthy host kindly offer to indulge us with the luxury of another bottle. Whether any of his guests have accepted this offer I cannot presume to say, but most likely they never have; for such a violation of regularity and sobriety must have been the death of him.

What a disgusting sight it is to see men staggering into the drawing-room, with great stupid stark-staring goggle-eyed looks, as if they had been frightened out of their first sleep. Ah me! how I tremble in such cases for the carpet and the coffee-cups. Such sights, and such fears, have no

existence in the drawing-room of Miss Milligan.—We are all as sober as judges, and as much in possession of ourselves, as if we were in possession of nothing else. Never does an old maid appear to such advantage, as at a tea table; tea was certainly created for the special use of old maids. The fine, delicate, something-nothing flavor and substance of tea, mark it as the spinsters' beverage; its warmth cherishes and keeps them alive, with out which they would petrify. Whether the single glass of mountain which Miss Milligan drank after dinner, has begun to mount into her head, or whether a satisfactory sense of appropriateness at finding herself presiding at the tea-table has taken possession of her, I cannot tell; but she seems to be as gay as a lark, as brisk as a bee; she pronounces the word "brother," which occurs in almost every sentence she speaks, with a light and buoyant trippancy of tongue; this is a great feature in the old maid's character; she scarcely ever speaks, except of or to her brother. He goes every day from Pimlico to Westminster; therefore he sees the world, and knows every thing that is passing in it. He is her authority and oracle, the telescope through which she sees the distant world. Mr. Milligan also himself feels an extraordinary exhilaration from having taken a third part of a pint of port, and he descants on things in general with an unusual volubility, though without any abatement of his exquisite accuracy and neat preciseness.—Surely there is not on the face of the earth, and amidst all the interesting and curious varieties of the human species, any one display of humanity more interesting and more curious, than that of a neat, prim, quiet, precise, formal, mouse-like old bachelor, having the cockles of his heart gladdened by a third part of a pint of port, and relaxing into the glibness of comparative eloquence. Our host sips his tea in gladness of heart, and balances his spoon on his fore-finger with a smart jemmy-jessamy air, while he talks with a pretty formality of the state of Europe, and the facade of Buckingham-house; and Miss Milligan herself looks as if she could muster up courage enough to say "Prip, prip," to her canary bird.

Now let us see if we are a match for the old bachelor and his sister at a game of whist. Miss Milligan knows nothing about shorts.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

Since the invention of steam-boats and steam-carriages, every thing seems to be done in a hurry. Push on! keep moving! is the order of the day. I don't like it. I like to see things done with a little form and preciseness. I like to see Miss Milligan shuffle the cards; she does it so calmly, so conscientiously, so determinately; and so impartially. There now, let us take our time; nothing can be done well that is done in a hurry.—With a little management, and a little formality, a rubber of whist may be made to last as long and to go as far as a pint of port. Then by playing slow we don't lose so much money, and we thereby part better friends. And it is so pleasant and instructive at the close of every deal, to hear a full and complete analysis of the manner in which each hand has been played—to have it all summed up as formally and accurately as the judge sums up the evidence at the close of the trial.—One learns something by these elaborate discussions. Moreover, it is very agreeable to have a little talk over our game, and to fill up the interstices of our time with miscellaneous and digressive comments on

things in general. Playing a good quiet, steady rubber at long whist, and chatting all the time about miscellaneous matters, is not making a toil of a pleasure. But your players at short whist seem intent on nothing else than winning each other's money. So we have spent a very sober evening with the old bachelor and his sister, and have only lost sixpence.

Thus quietly live the old bachelor and his sister from year to year. Nothing disturbs their peace of mind, or ruffles the regular composedness of their spirits. They and their house are always in apple-pie order. They are in the world, it is true, but they are hardly of the world. They seem to have nothing to do but to look at it placidly, and to talk about it wonderingly; and to wish, but wish in vain, that every house were as orderly as their own.

THE LIONS.—The three Lions in the Boston Menagerie are all of the pale, tawny species from the interior of Africa; and are of course to a large portion of visitors, the most attractive animals in the collection. The two caged together, immediately beneath the orchestra, are only three years old, and have increased perceptibly in size during the present winter. The Lion, as is the case always, is about one fourth larger than his mate; possessing a striking figure, a commanding look, a proud, firm step, and a terrible voice. He is in every respect compact and well proportioned, a perfect model of beauty and strength, and is destined, no doubt, to be the prince of Lions in this country. His mane is not yet full grown, but already forms a noble appendage to his bold figure, susceptible as it is of erection and agitation, when the animal is enraged.

The Lioness has no mane, is more slender and delicately made, and more agile in her movements than the Lion. They are almost continually walking the cage during hours of exhibition; and a fine opportunity is offered, not only to study the peculiarities of this king of beasts, but to witness the perfect subjection and obedience of the female to the male. In their confined movements, he exhibits as truly his lordly disposition, as though the forest were his theatre, invariably taking the front of the cage, and moving in majesty up and down, as though it were inhabited by no other tenant; while the Lioness, like a good companion, is watching his steps, moving when he moves, pausing when he slackens, and careful at every turn to fall in the rear.

These Lions were taken from the den when but two or three months old, by a party of hunters under the direction of an experienced agent of the company, and sent to this country by the first ship that sailed from the Cape afterwards. The party consisted of 36 Bushmen, Boors, Hottentots, and Yankees, mounted on horses, and accompanied by 10 or 12 well trained dogs. They had been absent from the Cape about seven weeks, had travelled twenty-three hundred miles into the interior,

and arrived safely on the borders of the hunting-ground for ferocious wild beasts. They stopped for a night at the hut of an old settler, and before morning were aroused by the barking of their dogs, which had discovered a Lion near the premises, not, however, until he had killed a beautiful gazelle, domesticated by their host. The men were aware of their inability to contend with the Lion in the night, and suffered him to retire unattacked.

Early in the morning, however, they set off on the track taken by the dogs, and in two or three hours arrived at a thicket of brushwood rendered almost impassable by huge rocks scattered in every direction. Here they left their horses and put two of the Hottentots in front, who were resolute fellows, and had before been present at the killing or capture of several similar animals. They clambered along but a few rods farther before they were warned of their approach to the enemy by the loud and violent barking of the dogs. The lion had so fortified himself in his position, that he could not be seen till within a few yards; and the Hottentots who led the way, were on the point of venturing withing his very grasp, when the glaring eye-balls of his Lionship peered among the evergreen that partly concealed a cleft in the rocks.—The foremost hunters felt so sure of success that they fired without waiting the arrival of the rest of the party. The shots either missed or wounded only to enrage; for in an instant and almost at a single bound the ferocious animal had prostrated one of the poor Hottentots and was standing over him in an attitude of exultation. A dozen of his comrades at the moment came up, who feared to fire again, lest they should kill their fellow or see him devoured on the spot. There was no time to be lost, however, and as the only alternative, they determined to take deliberate aim at his head, which was raised high above his prisoner, and to send the balls whizzing together at a given signal. This was done in a trice and the Lion fell upon the unfortunate Hottentot who expected every moment to be his last. In seizing him, the Lion had torn his flesh and broken the bones of one arm, without doing other injury. This prize proved to be a Lioness about seven feet long, and on entering her den they were rejoiced to find a pair of beautiful cubs which were now conveyed away without molestation.

The present keeper of these Lions, John Sears, has a wonderful power over wild beasts, and we have often watched the operations of his easy control, with perfect astonishment. He seems gifted by nature for this pursuit, and has been from his boyhood connected with a menagerie. Mr. Austin, another keeper in the Boston exhibition, informs us that some 16 or 18 years ago, he was exhibiting a few animals in Keene, N.H., when he was attracted by a lad who was remonstrating with a rude boy attempting to creep within the canvass

unobserved. He was so much taken with the active and intelligent appearance of the lad, that he inquired into his situation; and finding no obstacle in the way, he immediately took him under his care. John, then but 10 years old, discovered at once a peculiar sleight in gaining the favor of the animals, and he soon was able to master the fiercest with ease.

He determined to enter the cage of a Lion seven or eight years ago, when no one in this country had been found bold enough to make the attempt. He seized an opportunity when he was alone with the animal and the Lion was reposing, to steal within his cage and to sit for some minutes on his back. The Lion noticed him in the same friendly way as when outside the bars, and John took courage the next time he entered, to stir him up "with a long pole." He found no difficulty in rendering the animal as subservient as if he were not in his power; though it was two or three years before his employers dare trust him to enter the cage in the presence of company. He has several scars on his hands and body where he has been slightly wounded; but no Lion has ever prostrated him but once. He was in the cage and the meat was brought before the time; the sight and the smell caused the Lion suddenly to arouse, and he struck down his keeper at a blow. John retained his self-possession, and with a dexterous application of the "raw hide," in his hand, he soon brought the Lion back to a state of submission.—The clothes were all torn from his breast, and his skin scratched; but he received no serious injury.

CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRE.—It happened that, the same morning on which Andre crossed Pine's Bridge, seven persons, who resided near Hudson's river on the neutral ground, agreed voluntarily to go out in company armed, watch the road, and intercept any suspicious stragglers, or droves of cattle, that might be seen passing towards New York. Four of this party were stationed on a hill, where they had a view of the road for a considerable distance. The three others, named John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, were concealed in the bushes at another place and very near the road.

About half a mile north of the village of Tarrytown, and a few hundred yards from the bank of the Hudson's River, the road crosses a small brook, from each side of which the ground rises into a hill, and it was at that time covered over with trees and underbrush. Eight or ten rods south of this brook, and on the west side of the road, these men were hidden; and at that point Andre was stopped, after having travelled from Pine's Bridge without interruption.

The particulars of this event I shall here introduce as they are narrated in the testimony given by Paulding and Williams at Smith's trial, written down at the time by the judge advocate, and preserved in manuscript among the other papers. This testimony having been taken only eleven days after the capture of Andre, when every circumstance must have been fresh in the recollection of his captors, it may be regarded as exhibiting

a greater exactness in its details, than any account hitherto published. In answer to the question of the court, Paulding said :

"Myself, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams were lying by the side of the road about half a mile above Tarrytown, and about fifteen miles above Kingsbridge, on Saturday morning, between nine and ten o'clock, the 23d September. We had lain there about an hour and a half, as near as I can recollect, and saw several persons we were acquainted with, whom we let pass. Presently one of the young men, who were with me, said, 'There comes a gentlemanlike-looking man who appears to be well dressed, and has boots on, and whom you had better step out and stop, if you don't know him.' On that I got up, and presented my firelock at the breast of the person, and told him to stand ; and then I asked him which way he was going. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I hope you belong to our party.' I asked him what party. He said, 'The Lower Party.' Upon that I told him I did. Then he said, 'I am a British officer out of the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute ;' and to show that he was a British officer he pulled out his watch. Upon which I told him to dismount. He then said, 'My God, I must do any thing to get along,' and seemed to make a kind of laugh of it, and pulled out General Arnold's pass, which was to John Anderson, to pass all guards to White Plains and below. Upon that he dismounted. Said he 'Gentlemen, you had best let me go, or you will bring yourselves into trouble, for your stopping me will detain the General's business ;' and said he was going to Dobb's Ferry to meet a person there and get intelligence for General Arnold. Upon that I told him I hoped he would not be offended ; that we did not mean to take any thing from him ; and I told him there were many bad people, who were going along the road, and I did not know but perhaps he might be one."

When further questioned, Paulding replied, that he asked the person his name, who told him it was John Anderson ; and that, when Anderson produced General Arnold's pass, he should have let him go, if he had not before called himself a British officer. Paulding also said, that when the person pulled out his watch, he understood it as a signal that he was a British officer, and not that he meant to offer it to him as a present.

All these particulars were substantially confirmed by David Williams, whose testimony in regard to the searching of Andre, being more minute than Paulding's, is here inserted.

"We took him in the bushes," said Williams, "and ordered him to pull off his clothes, which he did ; but on searching him narrowly we could not find any sort of writings. We told him to pull off his boots, which he seemed to be indifferent about, but we got one boot off, and searched in that boot, and could find nothing. But we found there were some papers in his stocking next to his foot ; on which we made him pull his stocking off, and found three papers wrapped up. Mr. Paulding looked at the contents, and said he was a spy. We then made him pull off his other boot, and there we found three more papers at the bottom of his foot, within his stocking."

"Upon this we made him dress himself, and I asked him what he would give us to let him go. He said he would give us any sum of money. I asked him whether he would give us his horse, saddle and bridle, watch, and one hundred guineas. He said 'Yes,' and told us he would di-

rect them to any place, even if it was that very spot, so that we could get them. I asked him whether he would not give us more. He said he would give us any quantity of dry goods, or any sum of money, and bring it to any place that we might pitch upon, so that we might get it. Mr. Paulding answered. "No, if you would give us ten thousand guineas, you should not stir one step." I then asked the person who called himself John Anderson, if he would not get away if it lay in his power. He answered, 'Yes I would.' I told him I did not intend he should. While taking him along, we asked him a few questions, and we stopped under a shade. He begged us not to ask him questions, and said when we came to any commander he would reveal all.

"He was dressed in a blue over-coat, and a tight-body coat, that was of a kind of claret color, though a rather deeper red than claret. The button holes were laced with gold tinsel, and the buttons drawn over with the same kind of lace. He had on a round hat, and nankeen waistcoat and breeches, with a flannel waistcoat and drawers, boots and thread stockings."

The nearest military post was North Castle, where Lieutenant Colonel Jameson was stationed with a part of Sheldon's regiment of dragoons. To that place it was resolved to take the prisoner ; and within a few hours he was delivered up to Jameson, with all the papers that had been taken from his boots.

For the Traveller.

HYMNS,

BY O. W. W.

In time of Sickness.

O turn not, Lord, thy face away,
Nor veil thy mercies from my sight,
But may the calm and steadfast ray
Of faith, direct my steps aright.

Why should my spirit faint or fear,
Though clouds are gath'ring by my side,
For Jesus, whose sweet love can cheer,
Shall prove my everlasting guide.

The heart may be oppressed with pain,
The weary frame subdued by care,
Yet shall my soul uplift her strain,
My voice thy perfect truth declare.

O God ! my Father and my Friend,
Support me in each hour of gloom ;
May I, with resignation, bend
Before thee—fearless of the tomb ;

For Jesus hath o'ercome the rod
Of death—and his protecting hand
Shall lead me to a righteous God,
And bring me to the promised land.

On recovery from Sickness.

Once more the smile of gladness plays
Within my heart, and on my brow,
For God hath still prolonged my days,
And listened to my earnest vow.

His hand hath led me through the gloom,
Whose shadows met around my way ;
His love hath saved me from the tomb,
And blessed me with its healing ray.

O God ! may sin no more enthrall
This bosom with enticing power,
May Jesus prove its hope—its all—
Through Life's serene, but fleeting hour.

man was a dissenting clergyman, who was ever the friend of the poor and the sorrowful. He had studied medicine as well as divinity, and acquired considerable skill during his village practice, and administered both to the mind and body of poor William. For the body he could do little, but he assisted to effect in his mind, a pious resignation to his fate. Nor did he wait long before his last hour arrived, in which his spirit went to the merciful Being in whom he trusted, while his mortal remains were laid beside his Jessy.

The melancholy story of these two unfortunate lovers made for some time a deep impression on my mind, and I erected a neat tomb of white stone to their memory, on which is briefly recorded their simple and affecting story.

BERLIN.—Prussia is not remarkable for the number and magnitude of her cities. Berlin, however, highly merits the attention of travellers. It is situated on the banks of the small river Spree, in 52 deg. 32 min. north latitude, and 13 deg. 31 min. east longitude. It extends about four and a half miles, and is one of the most magnificent cities in Europe. The plan is extremely regular, being the result of one design, but without that dull uniformity that renders many other cities disagreeable. The appearance of the streets and squares, with the plantations of trees, bespeak taste and variety. The streets are spacious and well paved, though the country scarcely produces a single stone. This defect was supplied by the contrivance of Frederick the Great, who compelled all the vessels that came up the Havel and the Spree, to take on board, at Magdeburg, a quantity of free stone, and to disembark it gratis at Berlin. The principal ornament of this capital is the Linden walk, which is greatly admired by all travellers. This umbrageous and beautiful promenade is formed of triple rows of Linden trees, of the most graceful appearance. It forms the centre of the street, having carriage roads on each side, from which it is protected by handsome lines of granite posts, connected by bars of iron and illuminated by large reflecting lamps. It abuts at one end on the opera house and palace, and at the other end on the celebrated gate of Brandenburg, designed by Laugnan from the Propyleum of Athens. This elegant structure and the linden walk are unique. The Spree, which runs through the city, is adorned with several handsome stone bridges. The houses in Berlin, are generally large, well built of brick, and stuccoed, but some are built of stone in the Italian style of architecture. The Roman Catholic church, called the Rotunda, designed by Albeioni, is a superb edifice; and the grand altar, which was constructed at Rome, is celebrated for its beautiful workmanship. The new theatre is a noble building, elegantly decorated and generally well attended. The opera house, which is never open except during the carnival, is also a magnificent structure. In the small square, called William's Place, are seen the statues of Gen. Ziethen and several others, who distinguished themselves during the seven years war. Many of the large houses are let in stories to mechanics, and several other buildings, which make a great appearance, are only barracks for the soldiers. The population of Berlin is computed at about 190,000. This capital of the Prussian monarchy was founded in the 12th century, by a colony from the Netherlands; but it owes its chief embellishments to Frederick the Great, who rendered it the seat of

elegance as well as of science, letters, and arms. The garrison of Berlin generally consists of 26,000 men, being the most numerous of any in Europe excepting that of Constantinople. The Cadet Corps, is a noble institution, resembling that of Petersburg.

FRENCH CONSCRIPTION.—The narrow street was crowded with youths and girls hurrying to and fro, the former sometimes hallowing, with what seemed to us a strange unnatural mirth. Occasionally an old woman was seen in the throng, either snapping her fingers and screaming with shrill joy, or tottering along with a pale, anxious look, and silent but moving lips. Small troops of soldiers parading in the middle of the street—

“Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday—”

with their ceaseless drum reverberating through the avenues of the town, gave a military character to the confusion; and the clusters of ribands with which the hats of many of the young men were decorated, served as conclusive tokens, if any more were wanted, that we had arrived at Bray-sur-Seine at the moment when the conscription was drawn. Posting ourselves in a cafe, which seemed the favorite resort, we watched the scene with much interest. The *sortes* were just going on in the neighborhood; and news were brought every minute of the fate of individuals, either by themselves in person, or by some of their friends.—When a youth entered the room with the ominous riband in his hat, his face was in general flushed, and his manner confused and excited; but these tokens of emotion, if such they were, were drowned in an exhibition of boisterous mirth. One might have thought, at first sight, that it was the paternal fete of the town, rather than a day on which sons were torn from their mothers, brothers from their sisters, and young lovers from their sweet-hearts. Sometimes, however, we saw a sudden shade descended upon one of these youthful and apparently happy brows. For a moment the thoughts of the conscript wandered, and the scene of tumult vanished from his eyes; but presently, bursting from his reverie with a shout, he startled even his wild comrades by a song still louder and graver than their own. Among the groups of women hurrying along the street, we observed one pale, fair, slight, young creature throw a hasty, searching, but apparently stolen, glance into the cafe as she glided by. She was observed also by a conscript, who was then at the height of his mirth, in the middle of a military drinking-song, and with his glass held at arm's-length before him. His eye no sooner caught the pale apparition, than he stopped suddenly in the midst of a stanza, set down the untasted glass, and hurried out. The soldiers, in the mean time, afforded a fine contrast, both moral and physical, and added greatly to the effect of the scene. Their erect, artificial-looking figures, and weather-beaten faces mingled well with the rounded lines and glowing cheeks of the young conscripts. They appeared to look with a kind of grave ridicule on what was going on around them, as they accepted the offered wine or brandy, with a complacent shrug. Years, and war, and travel, and new sweet-hearts had obliterated all their early recollections. Even the scene before your eyes had no power to call up those old associations, which sometimes make a man pause suddenly in the hurry of the world, and, looking round bewildered, demanded, in utter loneliness and desolation of heart, is this a dream?—*Wanderings by the Seine.*

For the Traveller.

TO MARY.

The chill hand of Death
Lays like ice on my brow,
But, Mary, come near me,
And sing to me now;
Sing the song we have lov'd,
When in youth we were blest,
When thy hand was in mine,
And my head on thy breast.

Lean, lean thy soft cheek,
In kindness to mine,
And this haggard one, I
Will lay upon thine;
Once more, while together,
And I gaze in thine eye,
Say still that thou lov'st me,
My own, e'er I die.

Oh Mary! how surely,
In sorrow or grief,
My soul in thy love
Has found its relief!
From youth up to manhood,
When prest by life's ills,
I have turn'd to thy love,
Like parch'd lips to the rills.

And now, when my heart
By death's touch swells thick,
It melts like the snow
To thy voice, and beats quick,
And these lips, though the seal
Of the grave may them press,
Still struggle to meet
Thine own warm caress.

C.

A YOUNG WIFE.—The experiences of a 'young wife' are very different now from what they were at the close of the last century, or there is no fidelity in the following sketch, from a clever little volume, which we noticed some days since, entitled *Recollections of a Housekeeper*—the production of Mrs. Gilman, of South Carolina. This volume cannot fail of being exceedingly popular in New-England—for though humble in its pretensions, it gives a good portraiture of Yankee manners and customs. It gives familiar pictures, but faithful—of things as they were, a generation back.

According to my motto, I 'gave over prattles and prables,' and married, at the age of seventeen, Edward Packard. I remember the moment, when, after a short ride, I first entered my adopted home in North Square, one of the most genteel quarters in the then town of Boston. The new carpet, new chairs, and new mahogany, with its virgin hue, undarkened by wax and turpentine, are all before me. My mother was with me, and though she held one of my hands, and my husband the other, I could not restrain my tears from falling, happy though they were.

I felt ashamed to praise the parlor furniture, tho' I secretly said, 'It is mine.' On recovering my shyness, I visited the various apartments, and I think I was most attracted by the nicely sanded kitchen, not even excepting a closet, which I might now call a *boudoir*, fitted up expressly for me by my husband.

How bright were those new tins and brasses, arranged with ostentatious glitter on the walls and dresser! How comfortable that suspended warming-pan! How red and clean those bricks, that extended to the right and left, leaving space for a family in the corners. A *settle*, too, that glory of New-England kitchens, was there, now banished

for the inhospitable chair, which accommodates but one instead of three! I had often presided in a parlor, but never before was mistress of a kitchen!

A council had been called previous to my marriage, of the number of 'help' which we should require, and it was decided that a female cook, and a little girl to 'wait and tend,' would answer our purpose, and be sufficiently genteel.

I was introduced, on that memorable evening, to Nancy, the cook. She was the picture of cleanliness. She had on, what is called in New-England, a 'calico short loose gown,' and at the South, 'a chintz wrapper,' with a check apron, a little starched, tied round her waist. Both cook and kitchen were in perfect keeping.

'Well, Nancy,' said I, with a half modest, half patronising tone, 'I am a young housekeeper, but I dare say we shall get along very well.'

'Oh, ma'am, replied Nancy, 'I am not at all petikelar. I never has no differences with nobody.'

How amiable! thought I; and I gave her a calico bag, containing iron holders, kettle holders, wipers and dishcloths, presented me by an old aunt, who had quilted them for the occasion, and who said, with a commiserating voice, as she presented them, 'Young housekeepers have no rags, poor things!'

The same kind friend gave me a rag-bag, and repeated to me an anecdote she was fond of relating, of a lady in Cambridge who sold rags, enough at four cents a pound to buy herself a silver porringer. 'And mind, Clarissa,' continued she, 'that you do not throw away the ends of your thread—they will all help fill up.' I heeded her directions; and who knows but some act of diplomacy, or some effusion of genius, may have perpetuated on the paper made from my 'shreds and patches?'

'My husband was at home nearly all the first week, and my mother, nominally my guest, relieved me from every care; but on the Monday following, she returned to her own residence, Edward went to his office, and I was left alone. I soon felt weary of idleness. How willingly would I have darned a stocking, or clear-starched a muslin; but, alas, every thing was *whole*, and in order. I tried to find a withered leaf on my geraniums, but they all looked as fresh as if they were just married. Centre tables were not then in fashion, or I could have beguiled a little time in disarranging them for effect; but no! every article of furniture was in its proper parallel, and every chair at right angles with its neighbor, while books and knick-knacks, as drawing-room luxuries, were unknown.

To amuse the tedious hours of my husband's absence, I went into the kitchen, and offered to assist Nancy in making a pudding. My overtures were coldly received, but I thought that that might be 'her way,' and I proceeded to break the eggs, giving little Polly the raisins to pick.

'We don't put so much milk as that ere in puddins,' said Nancy, eyeing me keenly.

My mother had taught me culinary arts with great care, and I felt on strong ground while I defended my quantity of milk. Nancy answered me again with some heat, and when she found me following my own recipe in silence, dashed the seive full of flour on the table, and putting her arms akimbo, said,

'Well, Miss Packard, if you will spoil the pudding, you must bake it yourself.'

I was thunderstruck! A bride, to whom for a week all had submitted as to a queen; from whom commands were favors, and requests privileges!—

I felt the blood rush to my face, my hands trembled, and fearing to expose my agitation, I quietly laid down the materials I was preparing, and said, with a great effort at calmness,

'Finish the pudding, and bake it for dinner.'

HEALTH OF CHILDREN.—Early rising, is a habit of high importance to fix in children; and in forming it, there is far greater facility than in other cases. There is a natural propensity in children generally, to early rising, which needs only to be gratified and encouraged. They usually retire to bed some hours before their parents; and at daylight, or at least at sunrise, are generally awake, and anxious to rise—many of them are actually bred up with difficulty, to the habit of taking morning naps! which, when once formed, generally prevail through life. Let the father deny himself so far as to retire early, and become an early riser also. His health, enjoyments, and usefulness, he may depend upon it, will be perceptibly benefitted. Long lived persons have been found, after an extensive inquiry, to resemble each other only in this important practice. And this may be connected with another preventive of disease—active employment. The morning is the season for activity; the frame is invigorated by repose, is prepared for exertion, and motion gives pleasure. The pure atmosphere, so much more bracing than at other hours, so much sweeter and more exhilarating than the air of a confined chamber, has been prepared to be breathed; and like all nature's medicines, it is superior to any which science can produce. Early rising and early exercise, might more properly be called food than medicine, as they are designed for daily use, and to protect us from disease rather than to remove it. Every thing except mere sloth, invites us, nay, requires of us, to train up our children to use them. The morning is the most favorable season for exercising the frame, as well as for making useful impressions in the mind and heart, of important facts, moral principle, or religious feelings; and whoever tries to conduct the education of his child independently of this practice, will lose some of the most favorable opportunities.—*Dwight's Father's Book.*

SCENE IN SWITZERLAND.—Light hearts beat every where, and light heels are found even amongst the clumsy lasses of the Black Forest. Four girls, looking like Rheinard's admirable costumes, are chasing each other through the fields; and now tired of their sport, have flung themselves down on a green hillock by the roadside, showing more of the tightly drawn up stocking than might be deemed decorous at Almack's. There is certainly no magic about them, but there is a great deal of rough mirth, and a power of effrontery. All very innocent, I dare say, but the bashful graces seem to be no longer dwellers in cottages, whatever the virtuous principle may be.

The little town of Villengen, teeming with smart modes and gay faces, was all picture; such singular toilettes, and so endlessly varied, but the grotesque subduing the graceful, except where the females are handsome, and had natural taste enough to arrange their ponderous draperies advantageously. Such layers of petticoats! tenfold, I believe, with borders of all colors pending one below the other. Such velvet spencers! and gaudy vests, and straps, and collars, and morsels of

embroidery stuck here and there, unfortunately proving by their tarnished costliness that the original expense of such fine things is too great to admit of their being often renewed; and then the pretty hat and floating streamers; and the prettier than pretty scarlet stocking without a wrinkle!

Why do not our country girls follow some country mode? no matter whether simple or fantastic, it would be at least original. It would identify them, and be always pleasing from its association with rural images and recollections; they would be a class, and a very handsome one. But the wretched long-backed, or no-backed spencer; the dangling flounce and deplorable bonnet, decorated with flowers no longer artificial, but honestly showing their wire and paper poverty, give to beauty, which in a peasant's dress would have its own fresh natural character, an air of town vulgarity that makes its very attraction offensive.

HINTS TO THIRSTY SOULS.—Water is the only proper diluent, and the only liquid proper to appease thirst. It should contain as few foreign matters as possible. Distilled water is the purest, but it has a faded and vapid taste, from not containing air. By exposure to the atmosphere it absorbs air, and more especially fixed air or carbonic acid gas, and loses the vapid taste. Boiled water has the same taste as distilled water. The hard waters, or those containing some of the earthy salts, are by no means injurious to the health, unless these exist in them to a very large extent, when they are supposed by some to lay the foundation for stone in the bladder. Water containing any animal or vegetable substances in a state of decomposition is unfit for drink. Rain water is very pure, at any rate, such of it as is collected in an open country, and after the rain has poured down for some hours—the first fall of rain containing any impurities that may have collected in the air. Spring water is by far the best drink, when not containing much earthy salts; then well water which is raised from a silicious stratum; and lastly, river water which runs over a rocky bed. Water when cold, or when warm, removes thirst better than when merely tepid, and water which is only slightly or sensibly cold, refreshes much better than water which has been cooled very far down. Water drinkers are, in general, long livers, are less subject to decay of the faculties, have better teeth, more regular appetites, and less acrid evacuations, than those who indulge in a more stimulating diluent for their common drink. * * *

The mere satisfying of the thirst should be allowed to every patient, and for that purpose water will be the best adapted in almost all cases. Practitioners are much questioned by friends as to the drink to be given; and these friends have a great unwillingness to allow cold drinks, especially cold water, to patients. This is a great mistake.—When cold water is desired, let the patient have it, for cold water is as good a refrigerant as can be given. The juices are sometimes added to water. They make the drink more agreeable to the palate, but as to the temperature it is the same as cold water. The friends give this drink to the patient because they think it is medicated. Dr. Saunders states it as corresponding with his experience, that tepid water is of great advantage in weak and delicate stomachs that are unable to digest the food properly, and especially in those subject to heartburn.—*Kilgour's Therapeutics.*

VARIETIES.

HUMAN LIFE.—In medicine, the chief tonics are bitter. The misfortunes of life are intended to act as such. When a long series of prosperities have left the energies of our nature inactive—when the sun has shone so long and so brightly that we bask thanklessly in its beams, and with scarce a consciousness of its beauty—then comes on the lowering sky of the approaching tempest—then comes on sickness, the loss of friends, pecuniary losses, disappointed hopes, unexpected fears—and then it is that the dormant powers of our noble faculties are stimulated—our sympathies, our fortitude, our reliance on God.

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.—Man is strong—Woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—Woman in suffering—Man shines abroad—Woman at home. Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it. Man has science—Woman taste. Man has judgment—Woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—Woman of mercy.—*My Daughter's Book.*

POETRY.—Poetry is like brown bread; those who make it at home never approve of what they meet with elsewhere. Bristol is as bad as London, without being as good. I used to wonder why people should be so fond of the company of their physician, till I recollected that he is the only person with whom one dares talk continually of oneself, without interruption, contradiction, or censure.—*Mrs. H. More.*

SOCIETY.—Truly, society is a large piece of frozen water; there are the rough places to be shunned, the very slippery ones all ready for a fall and the holes which seem ready to drown you.—All that can be done is to glide lightly over them. Skating well is the great art of social life.

The child who believes itself concealed when it closes its eyes, does not practice a greater self-delusion, than the man who believes that the motives and feelings by which he is actuated, and which are ever most present to his own, must be equally apparent to the minds of others. How often does this delusion give a meaning where nothing was meant. What a superstructure of perverted facts is raised upon this ground work of imagination, and how great, how humiliating the astonishment, when the disappearance of the baseless fabric reveals the naked truth?

'Tom, what are you laughing at?' said a mother to her son, who was rising greatness itself, as he sat shaking his sides. 'Nothin,' roared Tom. 'Nothing?' exclaimed she; 'Thomas, my son, I did not think you were so foolish as to laugh at nothing.' 'Why, mother, I could not think of anything to laugh at, and so I laughed cause I could not.'

A physician attending a lady several times, had received a couple of guineas each visit; at last, when he was taking his departure for the last time, she gave him but one, at which he was surprised, and looking on the floor, as if in search of something, she asked him what he looked for? 'I believe, madam, said he, 'I have dropped a guinea;' 'No sir, replied the lady, 'it is I who have dropped it.'

The additional day to February, once in four years, seems very naturally designed to increase the spring necessary to a leap year.

CONTENTMENT AND RESIGNATION.—It is recorded of Fenelon, that when his library was on fire, "God be praised," said he, "that this is not the habitation of some poor man." How particularly placid must the mind of Dr. Watts have been, when, in the prospect of death, he said, "I bless God I can lie down with comfort at night, unsollicitous whether I wake up in this world or another!"—*Mirror.*

TYRANNY.—A tyrant attacks the mind before he does the body. I mean that he seeks to make his slaves stupid before he makes them wretched, knowing that men who have a head, can by it guide his hands, and raise themselves up against the tyrant. The executioner does the same, he binds the criminal's eyes before he stretches him on the rack.

POOR PITIFUL FUN.—As two celebrated punsters were walking in the street, one of them accidentally struck his foot against a small pail; his companion drily observed, "Why, Sam, you have kicked the bucket." "Oh, no," replied the other; "I have only turned a little pale."

A NEW DEFINITION.—A young lady being lately on an examination as to her proficiency in the science of grammar, was asked why the noun *bachelor* is singular, replied with great apparent candor, "Because it is very singular they don't get married."

SIMILES.—'I hope I don't intrude,' as the knife said to the oyster. 'Come in,' as the spider said to the fly. 'Come on,' as the man said to his boot. 'You make me blush,' as the lobster cried out in the boiler.

'Do you like novels?' said a Miss Languish to her up country lover. 'I can't say,' answered he, 'for I never ate any; but I tell you what, I'm tremendous at a young 'possum!'

If you will destroy your own repose, disturb that of your neighbor.

In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body—then you have a friend and a companion.

Pugilists begin their battle from a paradox, [for they stand up, and "fall to."

Chimney sweepers always persecute witches and fortune tellers, because they like to have a brush at the black art.

James Eastman, the thief who tried to escape up the chimney, and was stopped by the grate, must have found a great bar to his rising.

In classing birds, we should say weather cocks are meant for the church; but hens are decidedly the lay subjects of the state.

An auctioneer ought to be by nature strong; for though only one man, he is often called upon to knock down a lot.

Spring is welcome to the trees, because they are relieved by its approach.

Those persons who are in business the most sharp usually get the most blunt.

All blood may be said to be useless which is in vein.

It is remarkable that in music those strains please the most, which are allowed to be dull set (dulcet.)

The trade of a blacksmith is one of little honor to himself, inasmuch as most of his work is done by a vice.

After all, there are two sorts of diseases, says a French doctor—one of which you die, and the other of which you don't.

temper, between the male and female; and they are continually in a state of rage, defying all human power to soothe their passions and reduce them to comparative gentleness.

The striped Hyena is the largest of the five, with ears straight, long, and nearly bare, head more square, and shorter than that of the wolf, hair and mane of a dirty brown, with transverse dark brown stripes covering the body. This species is more rare in Africa, where this one was taken, than in Egypt, Nubia, Syria, and Persia. He is constantly in motion, driving up and down the cage, fretting and growling, as much after eating, as when in hunger. He has as great an antipathy for his keeper, who constantly watches and feeds him, as for the merest stranger that walks past his cell, and is the only kind of animal we have ever seen that is never at rest, and that never, for a moment, abates his savage ferocity.

The spotted and laughing Hyenas are nearly allied in species, being smaller than the striped, with shorter muzzle, ears short, and broad, and of a slightly yellowish brown color, with spots of a darker hue, covering the whole body. Their jaws are of enormous strength, enabling them to break the hardest bones, and to sever a staff of the toughest wood, when put to the test. These were all taken in different parts of Africa, and one of the proprietors, who is now on his way to that quarter of the globe for the third or fourth time, assured us that it was no uncommon sight among the hunting parties of the interior, to be aroused in the night by the whining and to see the fierce eyes of the Hyena glaring in upon them. They are attracted to the tents by the smell of meat, oil, or candles, and manifest no fear at the sight of man. Nevertheless, it is difficult in the night to take them alive, and they are commonly shot down on the spot.

The same gentleman informed us that he was present at the capture of one of these Hyenas, and related minutely the interesting particulars of two days' labor in undenning the beast. He was not half-grown, and to escape his pursuers had entered a burrow belonging to some other animal, so small that he could scarcely squeeze himself along the passage. The party of hunters had several well-trained dogs, differing in size, and the method was to send in the smallest dog first, requiring him to dig his way, and effect an easy entrance. Then the next in size was directed to "work his passage" in, then the third; but the fourth, after having proceeded four or five yards, acquainted his masters, by his howling, that his progress was arrested. The first conjecture was that he was met by the Hyena, with whom he was struggling; but on his reappearance, no signs of attack were discernible, and it was determined that the smallest of the party, a boy of 14, should make personal examination of the interior. He succeeded in crawling as far as the last dog, where he found the passage was between

two rocks, and so narrow that he could go no farther. It then became necessary for the men to excavate the earth until an opening sufficiently large was effected to work upon the rock, which was of a slaty formation, and easily broken. In the absence of all iron implements, a gun-barrel was speedily converted into a "crow-bar;" and before the end of the second day, the young Hyena was "bearded in his den," and dragged out by two of the fiercest dogs.

The keeper Sears, enters the cage with the laughing hyenas, but there is not a spark of nobleness or generosity in their constitution, and he can do little else while in their company, than to lash them into fearful submission. John has been fortunate in never suffering injury from these ferocious animals, though he has had several fearful encounters with other wild beasts. In Rochester, N. Y. a lioness got loose, and no one but John dared to open her cage and entice her in. In travelling in the night with a buffalo, the animal became enraged at something and pinned John against a wall, with a horn on either side of his body, so closely, that he was only able to disengage himself by taking loose stones from the wall and dropping them on the feet of the buffalo. In this city even, he was once attacked by a bear who broke from his confinement, and came near losing a limb altogether. He had grasped the bear around the neck, where he was obliged to hold him to save being prostrated; but still could not prevent the animal from rending his clothes and actually tearing the flesh from his knee. One of the proprietors arrived in time to spare him from a deeper wound, as in a few moments the bear must have broken the bone of the leg.

WASHINGTON'S WRITINGS.—The fourth and fifth volumes of Mr. Sparks's valuable collection of the papers of General Washington, have been before the public several weeks. We repeat the remark which we made respecting the former volumes—that this work is, in every respect, an honor to our country. The American press has produced no work more worthy of its reputation. The purity of the paper, the clearness of the type, the delicate boldness of the page, the fineness of the engravings, and the solidity and beauty of the volumes, render this edition worthy of being selected as a specimen of the excellence of American typography. We are referring to the finer copies, printed on extra royal paper—we believe there is another impress of the same edition in a somewhat cheaper form, but still very good. This is a work which should lie in every library, and on the shelves of every patriot and statesman.

The two volumes now under remark, contain the continuance of the correspondence and miscellaneous papers of Washington, relating to the American Revolution. In addition to those facts

of general notoriety, they contain some very interesting particulars relative to General Lafayette, and what to many of our readers will probably be new, an account of Conway's Cabal, so called from the circumstance of its having first been brought to light through the agency of that officer, and of his having acted a conspicuous part in its progress. The first notice we have of the affair is in the following letter of General Washington to Brigadier General Conway. "Sir—A letter which I received last night, contained the following paragraph. "In a letter from General Conway to General Gates, he says, *Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it.*" This remark was of course not very gratifying to the feelings of Washington, however it might have been to his enemies, who appear for a considerable time to have annoyed him with their machinations. At length, Conway was wounded in a duel with General Cadwalader, and when he supposed his wound to be mortal, he wrote a voluntary confession to Washington, in these words. "Sir—I find myself just able to hold my pen during a few minutes, and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said any thing disagreeable to your Excellency. My career will soon be over, therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my sentiments. *You are in my eyes the great and good man.* May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of these States, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues." Such was the termination of a cabal, begun in chagrin and envy, in which few participated, except Gates and Mifflin, who secretly encouraged disaffection to Washington, in the vain hope of impairing his popularity, that they might profit by his downfall. But it seems the words of Conway were indeed too prophetic—"Heaven had been determined" to favor his prosperity.

Those who attentively peruse these volumes, will find them the depository of the most interesting facts, relative to the most interesting period of our national history. They who wish for valuable information, and who consult the political welfare of our country, will do well to make immediate application for a set of these beautiful and valuable volumes, to Messrs. Russell, Odiorne, and Metcalf, the publishers, in Washington Street.

ADVENTURES OF A RANGER.

Our friend Mr. Thomas Higgins, resides within a few miles of Vandalia, and receives a pension from the United States for his services. The following statement may be relied on, as Mr. Higgins is a man of strict veracity; his companions have corroborated his narrative, and his wounds afford ample proof of his courage and sufferings.

Tom Higgins as he is usually called, is a native of Kentucky; and is one of the best examples extant of the genuine backwoodsman. During the last war, at the age of nineteen he enlisted in the

Rangers, a corps of mounted men, raised expressly for the protection of the western frontiers. On the 30th of August, 1815, he was one of a party of twelve men, under the command of Lieutenant Journeys, who were posted at Hill's Station, a small stockade, about eight miles south of the present village of Grenville, and something more than twenty miles from Vandalia. These towns were not then in existence; and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness. During the day last mentioned, 'Indian signs' were seen about half a mile from the station, and at night the savages were discovered prowling near the fort, but no alarm was given. On the following morning early, Mr. Journeys moved out with his party in pursuit of the Indians. Passing round the fence of a cornfield, adjoining the fort, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazle thicket, and in full view of the station they fell into an ambuscade of the Indians, who arose suddenly around them, to the number of 70 or 80, and fired. Four of the party were killed, among whom was Lt. Journeys, one other fell badly wounded, and the rest fled except Higgins.

It was an uncommon sultry morning; the day was just dawning; a heavy dew had fallen the preceding night; the air was still and humid, and the smoke from the guns hung in a heavy cloud over the spot. Under the cover of this cloud Higgins's surviving companions had escaped, supposing that all that were left were dead, or at all events it would be rashness to attempt to rescue them from so overwhelming a force. Higgins's horse had been shot through the neck, and fell to his knees, and rose again several times. Believing the animal mortally wounded, he dismounted, but finding that the wound had not greatly disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle; for as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired. He looked around for a tree. There was but one, a small elm, and he made for this, intending to shoot from behind it; but at this moment the cloud of smoke rose partially from before him, disclosing to his view a number of Indians, none of which discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces, loading his gun, and at him Higgins took a deliberate aim, and fired, and the Indian fell. Mr. Higgins still concealed by the smoke, reloaded his gun, mounted and turned to fly, when a low voice near him, hailed him with "Tom you won't leave me?"

Looking round, he discovered the speaker to be one of his old companions, named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he replied instantly, "no, I will not leave, you, come along and I will take care of you."

"I can't come," replied Burgess, my leg, I smashed all to pieces."

Higgins sprang from his saddle and picking up his comrade, whose ankle bone was broken, in his arms, he proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly, and that he would make his way on foot. But the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins and his wounded friend on foot. Still the cool bravery of the former was sufficient for any emergency, and setting Burgess down gently, he told him, "now my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs while I stay between you and the Indians and keep them off"—instructing him at the same time, to get into the highest grass and crawl as closely to the ground as

of an angel, I should not have been what I am now—an outcast—a wanderer—a *haunted outlaw*. Oh, you needn't stare. I've told you about all I mean to tell you on that head.

Well—we separated—in plain English, I ran away, and left my wife; taking with me only one child—my poor dear Jerry—the only child I was sure of; for between ourselves, my good sir, the devil had put it into my head to be jealous of my poor wife—and so I left her all the children with blue and gray eyes, and took with me the only one that resembled me. Ah, if you could have seen that boy's eyes! They were like sunshine, tho' black as death. Well, Jerry and I got along pretty well together for nearly three years, when one day I received a letter from my wife, saying Luther, my eldest boy, and the two blue eyed babies, were in their graves. Two were drowned in each other's arms—and the other died of a broken heart—a mere baby—but it pined itself to death after I disappeared—she told me so, and I believed her—asked for *farther poor farther*, a hundred times a day, and whenever it awoke in the night; and dying—literally dying, with that word upon its lips.—My wife added, that she was coming home. What could I say? I knew that I wronged her; that I was a fool and madman; but what could I say?

Well our arrangements were made, and I set off to meet her—leaving my poor little boy at home, with a hired girl to take care of him, until I got back. To be sure that he would not go astray, I had tied a young Newfoundland puppy, of which he was very fond, to the post of his trundle bed—telling him to stay until I returned with his mother, which would be in the course of that afternoon, or towards night fall.

Here he stopped, and his breathing changed; but after a few minutes, began anew, in a lower and steadier, though much altered tone.

'Well, sir—we met once more—and she forgave me; and we were happy. And so, I took her into my arms, lifted her into the saddle, and we started together—two as happy human creatures as there were upon the face of the whole earth—notwithstanding the self-reproach and heaviness I felt, on hearing the particulars of what I cannot bear to speak of yet, or even to think of—the death of Luther and his two elder sisters. Poor Luther—poor baby! Well, we were already more than half way back to the place where she was prepared to see her little nestling asleep, and dreaming of its mother—his dear, new mother, as he called her, and persisted in calling her, from the moment I told him that she was coming to live with us.—Poor little fellow! He had almost forgotten her. Suddenly, as we were descending the top of a hill, our horses began to snort—my wife caught my arm, and as I turned towards her, I saw the whole western sky in a preternatural glow. Before I could speak, a strange darkness swept by, and I felt as if the hand of death were upon me. I tried to speak, but I could not. I could only urge my wife to follow—and clapping spurs to my horse, I rode straightway to the fire. Once, only did I turn—and then only to look back and forbid her to follow me further.

Well I arrived at the place, and there I found—bear with me patiently—first the hired girl, frightened half out of her senses, and hiding under a fence. I asked her for my boy. She stood aghast at the inquiry. Her only reply was a wandering of the eyes, as if in search of something. At last, and with great difficulty, she recollected herself enough to say, that she had seen the fire in time to

escape with my boy—that being dreadfully fatigued, though she had not ran far, she sat down to rest herself, looking towards the path by which we were expected—that some how or other, she fell asleep—and that the last she remembered, was something little Jerry had said about going back to untie poor Carlo! My heart died away within me. I knew that I was childless—I knew it—don't talk to me—I knew it. And it was so. When I arrived at my house, I found it nearly destroyed by fire—and a little way off lay my poor boy, with Carlo watching over him. The child was dead—that is Carlo you see there. My wife is in the mad-house at Philadelphia—and here am I. God forgive me.'

THE RECLAIMED.—"Will you break a sister's heart, James?" said Jane Hervey, as she listened to the wild converse of her unbelieving brother.—"There is a power that is over you, and able to check you in your mad career." "Nonsense, Jane. Pray have done with this preaching. You are always enthusiastic in your notions. Talk soberly, and I will listen." "Soberly," said the heart-stricken girl, "I would not reproach you, James, but believe me, short is the history of the unfaithful. 'The wicked shall not live out half their days.' The time has been, when you were happy; dare you call yourself happy now?"

James Hervey was a gifted young man, possessed of considerable talent. He had been religious, and had connected himself with a respectable denomination of christians. He had plighted his vows to an amiable girl. But he had a friend, a man of talents. This friend was like a serpent in a bed of flowers. 'He sat among the saints,' and made high profession of holy things; but his fair exterior veiled the heartless skeptic. He set himself at work, with unwearied industry, to sap the foundation of Hervey's virtues. James, at first, saw not the true character of his friend. The subtle reasonings of his friend were seconded by his own inclinations. Unhappy youth! he had not yet learned by experience, that wisdom's paths *alone*, are paths of pleasantness and peace. He had already broken covenant with the Most High. Let no one suppose that such an one will be faithful to his friends, any farther than he is influenced by interest or inclination. She who had given him her heart's best affections, was doomed to feel the truth of this. But we will leave the heart-sickening history of the deserted, and follow the still more wretched Hervey. His friends, those who loved him best, felt most keenly the alteration in his character. Poor Jane had done much to reclaim the wanderer. But prayers, tears and remonstrances, were alike unavailing. She received in return the bitterest jests, and the most unfeeling sarcasms, and was sure of being annoyed on every possible occasion.

But the hour of retribution soon came. 'Short is the history of the unfaithful.' James had married, and as might have been expected, was unhappy in his choice. He had one darling child, and was prosperous in a lucrative business, when he was stricken by disease. He felt that he must die. That he must go into the presence of that Being he had contemned. But O! the horror of that hour when he was obliged to let go his hold upon Earth, and to feel that he must enter Eternity.

"Jane," said he to his sister, who was patiently watching beside him, "I *must die*. I cannot live." He pressed both his hands upon his vitals—"I feel

it here," said he. "Death, death! no one knows what I suffer." His affectionate sister endeavored to persuade him to cast himself at the feet of that Saviour he had forsaken; and at length had the happiness to see him repenting and returning, like the prodigal of old. She felt that he again loved her with all a brother's love.

Poor Hervey suffered awfully in mind and body, but his friends had the satisfaction to believe that his repentance was sincere; and after all his conflicts, to see him breathe his last breath in perfect peace. Truly, "there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-and-nine just persons, that need no repentance."

MARIA.

THE SERAGLIO.--The Seraglio of an eastern prince is at once the penetralia of the political and social sanctuary, whence emanate all the cabals and conspiracies so rife in the cabinets of Moslem potentates; it may, therefore, be as well to give a brief description of this part of the Mahomedan sovereign's domestic establishment. In the seraglio are educated the Mogul princes and the principal young men among the nobles destined for posts of responsibility in the empire. It is generally separated from the palace, but so nearly contiguous as to be of ready access. None are admitted within its apartments except the emperor and those immediately attached to its several offices, the duties of which are performed by the women. It is generally inclosed by lofty walls, and surrounded by spacious gardens, laid out with all the splendour of eastern magnificence, where every luxury is obtained which the appetite may demand or money can procure. Those inmates who form the matrimonial confederacy of the Mogul potentates, are among the most beautiful girls which the empire can furnish. They are taught embroidery, music, and dancing, by certain old women hired to instruct them in every blandishment that may captivate the senses and stimulate the passions.—These lovely captives are never permitted to appear abroad, except when the emperor travels, and they are covered in litters closed by curtains, or in boats with small cabins, admitting the light and air only through narrow Venetian blinds. The apartments of the seraglio are very splendid, always, however, or course, in proportion to the wealth of the prince; and the favorite object of his affections exhibits the dignity and enjoys the privileges of a queen, though a queen in captivity. While her beauty lasts, she is regarded with a feeling almost amounting to idolatry; but when that beauty passes away, the warmth of love subsides, her person no longer charms, her voice ceases to impart delight, her faded cheeks and sharpened tones become disagreeable memorials of the past. Neither her song nor her lute are now heard with pleasure, for, in the beautiful imagery of the Persian poet, "When the roses wither and the bower loses its sweetness, you have no longer the tale of the nightingale." The favorite, however, while she continues her ascendancy over the heart of her lord, is treated with sovereign respect throughout the harem. She smokes her golden-tubed hooka, the mouth-piece studded with gems, and enjoys the fresh morning breeze under a verandah that overlooks the gardens of the palace, attended by her damsels, only second to herself in attractions of person and splendor of attire.

"Her smiling countenance resplendant shines

With youth and loveliness; her lips disclose
Teeth white as jasmine blossoms; silky curls
Luxuriant shade her cheeks, and every limb
Of slightest texture moves with natural grace,
Like moonbeams gliding through the yielding air."

Here she reclines in oblivious repose upon a rich embroidered carpet from the most celebrated looms of Persia. Through an atmosphere of the richest incense she breathes the choicest perfumes of Arabia the happy, and has every thing around her that can administer to sensual delight; still, she is generally an unhappy being. She dwells in the midst of splendid misery and ungratifying profusion, while all within herself is desolation and hopelessness. Her sympathies are either warped or stifled; her heart is blighted and her mind degraded. She cannot join in the enthusiasm of the inimitable Hafiz,—"the breath of the western gale will soon shed musk around,—the old world will again be young;" but languishes, as the seasons return, in the most debasing captivity, and feels that the western gale breathes upon her neither the freshness of freedom or of joy. A description of the harem of the celebrated Mogul Emperor Akbar, by the no less celebrated Abul Fazel Mobarek, his minister, will, I trust, be not unwelcome to the reader:

"The harem is an enclosure of such an immense extent, as to contain a separate room for every one of the women, whose number exceeds five thousand. They are divided into companies, and a proper employment is assigned to each individual. Over each of these companies a woman is appointed darogha; and one is selected for the command of the whole, in order that the affairs of the harem may be conducted with the same regularity and good government as the other departments of the state. Every one receives a salary equal to her merit. The pen cannot measure the extent of the emperor's largesses; but here shall be given some account of the monthly stipend of each.—The ladies of the first quality receive from one thousand six hundred and ten rupees, down to one thousand and twenty-eight rupees. Some of the principal servants of the presence have from fifty-one down to twenty rupees, and others are paid from two rupees up to forty. At the grand gate is stationed a mushreef, to take account of the receipts and expenditures of the harem in ready money and in goods. Whenever any of this multitude of women want any thing, they apply to the treasurer of the harem, who according to their monthly stipend, sends a memorandum thereof to the mushreef of the grand gate, who transmits it to the king's palace, who pays the money. The inside of the harem is guarded by women, and about the gate of the royal apartments are placed the most confidential. Immediately on the outside of the gate watch the ceneuch of the harem, and at a proper distance are stationed the Rajpoots, beyond whom are the porters of the gates, and on the outside of the enclosure, the omrals, the abdecans, and other troops mount guard, according to their rank. Whenever the begums, or the wives of the omrals, or other women of character, want to pay their compliments, they first notify their desire to those who wait on the outside, and from thence their respects are sent in writing to the officers of the palace, after which they are permitted to enter the harem. And some women of rank obtain permission to remain there for the space of a month. But, besides all the precautions above described, his majesty depends on his own vigilance as well as on that of his guards."

For the Traveller.

THE PATH OF FLOWERS AND OF GOLD.

BY O. W. W.

Upon its stem, the snow-white rose
Was sleeping through the night,
And breathed its fragrance over those
Who loved the sweet twilight.

They both were innocent—for Time
Had never dimmed the flower,
Which blooms within the sunny clime
Of Childhood's early hour.

They loved—with that unselfish thought
Which Childhood only knows,
Which, in their youthful bosoms wrought
Dreams, sweet as Summer's rose.

Beside the river's current deep,
They wandered through the day,
And only wept, as children weep
Some favored flower's decay.

But Time can change, and Fashion mar
The spell of early dreams,
The eye will cease to woo the star
Which o'er its vision gleams—
She heeds no more those thoughts of old,
She dreams not of those hours,
And now her path is strewn with gold,
And not with Summer's flowers.

A SINGULAR TALE.—The celebrated Abbe Raynal tells the following singular tale describing an event which happened to a friend while travelling through Spain.

'Being upon a long journey and much fatigued, he arrived at a *Posada* (Inn) rather early, and after ordering his olio to be prepared for supper, he went to vespers in a convent hard by, and intended also to confess. But having placed himself in the confession box, he fell asleep, and did not awake until towards midnight, when he was alarmed by seeing two friars leading a female up the church, with a handkerchief tied over her eyes. Such a spectacle alarmed him too much on his own account, as well as on the woman's, to make his appearance; but the confession boxes are so pierced, that it is easy to see all that passes in the church, without being seen; and he saw, to his utmost astonishment, a stone raised from the pavement, and the woman so led over it as to disappear instantly, without having even time to implore mercy, or perhaps without any knowledge that she was leading to certain death. The monks then relaid the stone and disappeared, and the affrighted traveller was obliged to remain till the church doors were open for morning prayers, when he got away without any one knowing where he had lodged. On his return to his inn he was beset by his host and hostess, with a serious charge of having seduced away their daughter. He plead innocence, and assured them that he had never spoke to her or ever seen her, but that if they would be quiet and prudent he had reason to believe he could give them a sad account of her fate, and desired they would attend him to the nearest magistrate, where he related what had passed under his own eyes in the convent of —.

'The magistrate wrote to the prior, told him he had something of the utmost importance to communicate to him and his whole order, and desired they might be all assembled as soon as possible in their chapel, when he would wait upon them at a fixed hour. They assembled accordingly, when the traveller related what he had seen, in the presence of the whole fraternity; but though he examined the persons, and the countenances of all

the members, he was unable to fix upon the two guilty monks. The stone was however raised, the girl was found dead in a pit beneath, and being opened, it appeared she was far gone with child; and, as this convent was her constant place of devotion, and she never confessed but to two particular monks of that house, it is probable her confessors were the debauchers and murderers of the unfortunate girl. I have no doubt but accidents of this kind are very common, especially in the Southern parts of Europe; but such is the awe and fear of the commonality of the priests lest they offend, there is no crime, however atrocious, which they may not commit with impunity.'

THE COQUETTE.—The author of *Miserrimus* must be allowed, even by those who consider the impulses of passion unnaturally portrayed in that tale—to possess a powerful mind, and the faculty of awakening a strong interest in the heart of the reader. We doubt not that such considerations will induce very many to peruse the present volumes; and they will find this "Coquette," like many others, rapable of whiling away a weary hour, and of affording much amusement without any fear of the heart-ache at last. We must here notice a difference between the *Coquette* of whom we speak, and others of the same class. She is by no means sufficiently conspicuous in the story—making a momentary appearance in the first part of the first volume, and the latter portion of the third—so that the reader is perplexed to discover the propriety of the name which is given to the volumes before him. This we consider one of the principal faults in the story. We are but little acquainted with Miss de Varmont—we feel consequently but little interest in her proceedings—and that which we have learned is utterly inconsistent with the scenes in which she is subsequently introduced. She enters merely to produce a tragic effect, and can scarcely be denominated a *Coquette*, since she never loved or pretended to love any other but Belton. This part of the story might, we think, have been omitted without exciting the regret of the reader.

But in the greater portion of these volumes, there is no highly wrought picture of human guilt or human woe. The author has selected for his theme, the minor foibles of mankind; such as awaken our smiles rather than our indignation.—It is very difficult to succeed perfectly in an attempt of this kind; since, although at first amused by the abilities of such queer fellows as Mr Trash, we become at length weary of their unchanging vanity and folly. In the first two volumes, to which number the author should have limited his tale—there are some amusing sketches, and some very lively scenes. Belton is a generous, open-hearted fellow, with a wonderful stock of assurance, and yet he manages to become a great favorite with the reader. These volumes are handsomely published by Carey and Hart, Philadelphia, and W. D. Ticknor of this city.

The sweet Spring-flowers will soon
 Their incense breathe around me and above,
 And to the blessed Heaven uplift a tune
 Of unaffected happiness and love.
 Gentle and calm as seems
 Their life—O prove to me my future lot;
 And, when have faded Earth and all her dreams,
 May I too pass like them—not all forgot!

MURDER OF MISS M'CREA.—The murder of Jane M'Crean has been a theme, which eloquence and sensibility have alike contributed to dignify, and which has kindled in many a breast the emotions of a responsive sympathy. General Gate's description in his letter to Burgoyne, although more ornate than forcible; and abounding more in bad taste than simplicity or pathos, was suited to the feelings of the moment, and produced a lively impression in every part of America; and the glowing language of Burke, in one of his most celebrated speeches in the British Parliament, made the story of Jane M'Crean familiar to the European world.

This young lady was the daughter of a clergyman, who died in New Jersey before the Revolution. Upon her father's death she sought a home in the house of her brother, a respectable gentleman residing on the western bank of Hudson's River, about four miles below Fort Edward.—Here she formed an intimacy with a young man named David Jones, to whom it was understood she was engaged to be married. When the war broke out, Jones took the side of the royalists, went to Canada, received a commission, and was a captain or lieutenant among the provincials in Burgoyne's army.

Fort Edward was situated on the eastern margin of Hudson's river, within a few yards of the water, and surrounded by a plain of considerable extent, which was cleared of wood and cultivated. On the road leading to the north, and near the foot of the hill about one third of a mile from the fort, stood a house occupied by Mrs. M'Neal, a widow lady and an acquaintance of Miss M'Crean, with whom she was staying as a visitor at the time the American army was in that neighborhood. The side of the hill was covered by a growth of bushes, and on its top, a quarter of a mile from the house, stood a large pine tree, near the root of which gushed out a perennial spring of water. A guard of one hundred men had been left at the fort, and a picket under lieutenant Van Vechten was stationed in the woods on the hill a little beyond the pine tree.

Early one morning this picket guard was attacked by a party of Indians, rushing through the woods from different points at once, and sending the air with hideous yells—Lieut. Van Vechten and five others were killed and scalped, and four were wounded. Samuel Standish, one of the guard, whose post was near the pine tree, discharged his musket at the first Indian he saw, and ran down the hill towards the fort; but he had no sooner reached the plain than three Indians, who had pursued him to cut off his retreat, darted out of the bushes, fired and wounded him in the foot. One of them sprang upon him, threw him to the ground, pinioned his arms, and then pushed him violently forward up the hill. He naturally made as much haste as he could, and in a short time they came to the spring, where several Indians were assembled.

Here Standish was left to himself, at a little distance from the spring and the pine tree, expecting every moment to share the fate of his comrades,

whose scalps were conspicuously displayed. A few minutes only elapsed, when he saw a small party of Indians ascending the hill, and with them Mrs. M'Neal and Miss M'Crean on foot. He knew them both, having often been a Mrs. N's. house.

The party had hardly joined the other Indians, when he perceived much agitation among them, high words and violent gestures, till at length they engaged in a furious quarrel, and beat one another with their muskets. In the midst of this fray, one of the chiefs, apparently in a paroxysm of rage, shot Miss M'Crean in the breast. She instantly fell and expired. Her hair was long and flowing. The same chief grasped it in his hand, seized his knife, and took off the scalp in such a manner as to include nearly the whole of her hair, then springing from the ground, he tossed it in the face of a young warrior, who stood near him watching the operation, brandishing it in the air, and uttered a yell of savage exultation. When this was done the quarrel ceased; and as the fort had already been alarmed, the Indians hurried away as quickly as possible to General Frazier's encampment on the road to Fort Anne, taking with them Mrs. M'Neal and Samuel Standish.

The bodies of the slain were found by a party that went in pursuit, and were carried across the river. They had been stripped of their clothing, and the body of Miss M'Crean was wounded in nine places, either by a scalping knife or a tomahawk. A messenger was despatched to convey the afflicting intelligence to her brother, who arrived soon afterwards, took charge of his sister's remains, and had them interred on the east side of the river about three miles below the fort. The body of Lieutenant Van Vechten was buried at the same time and on the same spot.

History has preserved no facts by which we can at this day ascertain the reason, why Miss M'Crean should remain as she did in so exposed and unprotected a situation. She had been reminded of her danger by the people of the fort. Tradition relates, however, and with seeming truth, through some medium of communication she had promised her lover, probably by his advice, to remain in this place, until the approach of the British troops should afford her an opportunity to join him in company with her hostess and friend. It is said, that when they saw the Indians coming to the house, they were at first frightened and attempted to escape; but, as the Indians made signs of pacific intention, and one of them held up a letter intimating that it was to be opened, their fears were calmed and the letter was opened. It was from Jones, and contained a request that they would put themselves under the charge of the Indians, whom he had sent for the purpose, and who would guard them in safety to the British camp. Unfortunately two separate parties of Indians, or at least two chiefs acting independently of each other, had united in this enterprise combining with it an attack of the picket guard. It is incredible that Jones should have known this part of the arrangement, or he would have foreseen the danger it threatened. When the prize was in their hands, the two chiefs quarrelled about the mode of dividing the reward they were to receive; and according to the Indian rule of settling disputes in the case of captives, one of them in a wild fit of passion killed the victim and secured the scalp. Nor is it the least shocking feature of the transaction, that the savage seemed not aware of the nature of his mission. Uninformed as to the motive of his employer for obtaining the person of the lady, or not comprehending it, he regarded her in the light of a

prisoner, and supposed the scalp would be an acceptable trophy. Let it be imagined what were the feelings of the anxious lover, waiting with joyful anticipation the arrival of his intended bride, when this appalling proof of her death was presented to him. The innocent had suffered by the hand of cruelty and violence, which he had unconsciously armed; his most fondly cherished hopes were blasted, and a sting was planted in his soul, which time and forgetfulness could never eradicate. His spirit was scathed and his heart broken. He lived but a few years, a prey to his sad recollections, and sunk into the grave under the burden of his grief.

The remembrance of this melancholy tale is still cherished with a lively sympathy by the people who dwell near the scene of its principal incidents. The inhabitants of the village of Fort Edward have lately removed the remains of Miss M'Crea from their obscure resting-place, and deposited them in the public burial-ground. The ceremony was solemn and impressive. A procession of young men and maidens followed the relics, and wept in silence when the earth was again closed over them, thus exhibiting an honorable proof of sensibility and of respect for the dead. The little fountain still pours out its clear waters near the brow of the hill, and the venerable pine is yet standing in its ancient majesty, broken at the top and shorn of its branches by the winds and storms of half a century, but revered as marking the spot where youth and innocence were sacrificed in the tragical death of Jane M'Crea.

THE PRINCESS, OR THE BEGUINE, 2 vols., Carey, Lea & Blanchard, and W. D. Ticknor.—In these volumes, we find that peculiar tact and liveliness of description, which render the works of Lady Morgan so piquant and amusing. "The Princess" is a semi-political, semi-historical novel, containing some very fine sentiments and very noble feelings. There is a judicious blending of literary gossip, of patrician follies, and of refined ideas, which give to this work that variety of character, which cannot but attract and hold the attention of the reader. Lady Morgan dwells much upon the style and beauty of Flemish pictures and architecture, and enlarges a great deal on Belgium and its revolution, which, though of brief duration, served to display the high spirit and sentiments of that people. This department, although not precisely appropriate to our notion of a common novel, adds to the interest and usefulness of Lady Morgan's work. We have as yet spoken only of "The Princess;" she is also termed the Beguine. This name may not be so familiar to many of our readers; and we elucidate its meaning by the following quotation from Tristram Shandy. "She was one of those kind of nuns, an' please your honor, of which your honor knows there are a good many in Flanders, which they let go loose." "By thy description, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "I dare say she was a young Beguine."

How these two characters, occupying, as they do, the extremes of life, are made to harmonize—

how the Princess, surrounded by all the luxuries of existence, and the poor nun, can be the same individual, it is inexpedient for us to narrate; since much of the interest of the story depends on the surprise of the reader, at the denouement. Having been very much taken with the peculiar style and agreeable contents of these volumes, we fancy they will interest those who are induced to read them with attention.

DR. CHANNING, ON WAR.—The following extract from a Sermon on War, recently delivered by Rev. Dr. CHANNING, and just published by Homer & Palmer, will be read with peculiar interest at the present time:—

I have admitted that a nation's honor may require its citizens to engage in war; but it requires them to engage in it wisely—with a full consciousness of rectitude—and with unfeigned sorrow. On no other condition does war comport with national dignity, and these deserve a moment's attention. A people must engage in war wisely, for rashness is dishonorable, especially in so solemn and tremendous a concern. A nation must propose a wise end in war; and this remark is the more important, because the end or object, which according to common speech, a people is bound by its honor to propose, is generally disowned by wisdom. How common is it to hear, that the honor of a nation requires it to seek redress of grievances, reparation of injuries. Now as a general rule, war does not and cannot repair injuries. Instead of securing compensation for the past evils, it almost always multiplies them. As a general rule, a nation loses incomparably more by war than it has previously lost by the wrong doer. Suppose for example a people to have been spoiled by another state of "five millions of dollars." To recover this by war, it must expend fifty or a hundred millions more, and will almost certainly come forth from the contest burthened with debt. Nor is this all. It loses more than wealth. It loses many lives. Now life and property are not to be balanced against each other. If a nation, by slaying a single innocent man, could possess itself of worlds, it would have no right to destroy him for that cause alone. A human being cannot be valued by silver and gold; and of consequence a nation can never be authorized to sacrifice or expose thousands of lives for the mere recovery of property of which it has been spoiled. To secure compensation for the past, is very seldom a sufficient object for war. The true end is, security for the future. An injury inflicted by one nation on another, may manifest a lawless, hostile spirit, from which, if unresisted, future and increasing outrages are to be feared, which would embolden other communities in wrong-doing, and against which neither property, nor life, nor liberty would be secure. To protect a state from this spirit of violence and unprincipled aggression, is the duty of rulers, and protection may be found only in war. Here is the legitimate occasion and the true end of an appeal to arms.—Let me ask you to apply this rule of wisdom to a case, the bearing of which will be easily seen. Suppose then an injury to have been inflicted on us by a foreign nation a quarter of a century ago. Suppose it to have been inflicted by a government, which has fallen through its lawlessness, and which can never be restored. Suppose this injury to have been followed, during this long period,

by one hostile act, and not one sign of a hostile spirit. Suppose a disposition to repair it to be expressed by the head of the new government of the injurious nation; and suppose farther, that our long endurance has not exposed us to a single insult from any other power since the general pacification of Europe. Under these circumstances, can it be pretended, with any show of reason, that threatened wrong, or that future security, requires us to bring upon ourselves and the other nation the horrors and miseries of war? Does not wisdom join with humanity in reprobating such a conflict?

A PLEA FOR CHILDREN.—By Mrs. C. Sedgwick. —Much has been said of the high duties and momentous responsibilities of woman, and of the important station which she holds in society; yet, how many are there to whom this station is a mere sinecure, and only nominally filled? How many who, regarding life as a mere pastime, propose to themselves no higher object than to adorn and amuse themselves? Such persons remind me of the blank books splendidly bound, which are sometimes used to fill a vacant row in a grand library; they commend themselves to the eye, but furnish no entertainment to the mind. The better part of our nature can hold no communion with them.—The frame of clay may be beautiful, and beautifully decorated, but the spirit of intellectual life has not been breathed into it, or has died away because unguarded—uncherished.

What are the good works of women which she was created to perform? She was born to perpetuate the reign of all good and gentle affections in the world, and to diffuse through all society a spirit of love, of forbearance, of happiness—to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice—to wipe away the tear of sorrow, and light up a smile in the eye of despondency—to turn away wrath by soft answers, and, like a sweet spirit, to bring peace upon all the troubled waters of life—to succor the helpless, nurse the sick, and stand by the bed of the dying, pointing upwards to heaven. Her voice was made to be heard in the soft lullaby that beguiles the infant of its pain and soothes it into gentle slumber; in those tones of tenderness which, penetrating the hearts of those she loves, are like the harp of David, driving away every evil spirit that threatens their peace, in the still small voice of mild reproof, more powerful to arrest the downward course of error than violent anger; in the stirring sounds which urge on to noble deeds and generous efforts; in words of prudent advice, steady counsel, gentle soothing, or animating encouragement to the ardent, or wavering, or chafed, or desponding spirits among the sons of men engaged on the great theatre of life from which she is excluded; in the low breathed prayer, which as priestess at the domestic altar, she ought ceaselessly to offer, and in sweet hymns of praise.

She was born to twine herself around the heart of a brother, and guard it from the approach of all profane and vulgar passions; to exhibit, in her intercourse with a sister, the fellowship of angels; to fill a father's heart with sweet content, and make the mother's bosom swell high with blissful emotion; to spur a lover to high and manly exertion, while at the same time she proves to him that there are better things in the world than fame or wealth; to be to her husband what rest is to the weary, refreshment to the way-worn, relief to the burdened, companionship to the solitary, assur-

ance to the timid or doubting, and sympathy to all.

And, more than all, she was born to train the sons and daughters of men for this world, and for the world to come; a few to act as master spirits in the management of that inheritance, which one age transmits to another; the rest as subordinate laborers in the cause of their country's welfare and the world's improvement, and all to be children of God and heirs of life forever.

Our first mother found a paradise—her daughters have each the more enviable privilege and distinction of creating one at pleasure. Not all the bright blossoms of Eden, its fragrant odors, its cool shades, its limpid waters, its sparkling fountains, its perennial verdure, or even its innocence, and its security yielded so much of the true aliment of happiness, as woman dispenses, when, with her powers in full exercise, she devotes herself, single hearted, to a woman's duties.

That department of them to which I wish particularly to draw the attention of my readers at this time, is the department of children. The birth of a child is always an event of joyous excitement—yet, perhaps, its full import is not always comprehended. Something like the following may be the reflections of a thinking, conscientious mother on such an occasion. 'I have borne an immortal being, one whose soul is the inspiration of the Almighty, and whose frame of clay is his handy work. Since the body is the temple of God's spirit, although perishable, it is worthy of my care, not only to preserve it in all its beautiful proportions and harmonies, but to tender it outwardly pleasing and agreeable. But my highest efforts must be devoted to the training of the immortal spirit. As soon as it is capable of comprehension, I must direct it to the source whence it came, that it may always be tending thither. God has given it passions and affections, which may be for good or for evil, according to the nature of the objects which shall engage them. I must teach it what objects are worthy, and how to control its irregular desires. It has a mind which must be taught to think and reason, and the sources of knowledge must be opened to it. Its path will be beset with snares and temptations, from which it will be my office to guard and protect it. What a work, then, have I to perform—yes, a *work*,—it cannot be done slothfully or remissly, if done at all—it demands the utmost exertions of my utmost powers—it cannot be made a secondary object—it cannot be made a matter of mere amusement, to be taken up when other objects fail to please or occupy me—it must be my steady, uniform, engrossing, as it will be my most interesting employment.'

Many parents take or seem to take a much more limited view of the subject. There are many who seem to think their duty quite discharged by supplying their children with comfortable food, clothes, and lodging, taking them to church on Sunday, and sending them to what is called 'a suitable school.' This word 'suitable' may be of various application, suitable to the parent's convenience, or of a price suitable to his means; but whether suitable to the proper objects of a school and to the child's improvement, often remains a matter of uncertainty. Admitting, however, that the school is the best in the world, it cannot supersede the necessity of home influences. Mrs. Barbauld is eloquent on the subject of the education of circumstances; but these circumstances may many of them be created, and those which are associated with home have no doubt the strongest influence on the youthful mind. There is nothing so stim-

ulating to a child, in the pursuit either of improvement or pleasure, as the hearty sympathy and willing companionship of the parent.

Among all the changes which have taken place in the manners and customs of society, there is none to be hailed more joyfully than the annihilation of that austerity which was formerly thought essential to the full weight of parental authority.

I knew a lady belonging to a family who had been brought up in great dread of her father. They lived in seclusion, and knew not that a different style of manners could exist on the part of a father. When she had arrived at years of discretion, she chanced to take tea at a house where a delightful intercourse subsisted between the father and his children. She afterwards told a friend that she laid awake, and wept almost all that night, thinking how much she might have enjoyed had her father been like Mr. —.

But although the magisterial has ceased to be combined with the parental character, there are still many obstacles in the way of proper parental influence. I have heard 'a gentleman of the old school' say, that in his day they used to talk about dutiful children—but now it was altogether dutiful parents. Still I think parents even now are not always 'dutiful' enough. It is not a common sentiment, though a very just one, 'that children have their rights as well as others.' These rights are not properly acknowledged and satisfied. Indolence and selfishness are in the way of our duty in this respect, as in many others.

The great object, often, and perhaps generally, is to *keep children quiet*, and have as little trouble with them as possible. It is very proper that they should be kept quiet at certain times, but it is equally proper that at other times, they should be allowed free vent to their spirits. Mr. Combe, in his valuable work on the preservation of health, has added another powerful argument to those which already existed on this subject, by telling us that not only the active sports, but the loud noises and shouting of children have a direct and important effect upon their health.

The sacrifice should not be always on one side. If children are kept still and restrained at certain times for the convenience of their friends, the latter should in their turn waive their convenience, for the pleasure of the children—not always in romping with them, but in devoting themselves in some way or other to their amusement. Often it is sufficient merely to devise sports for them.

I have always regarded our long winter evenings as *consecrated*, almost, to the intellectual improvement of the senior members of the family. A friend, who is one of the good genii of children, persuaded me to give up an hour of the very core of the evening to frolicking with the little ones, and I have never regretted the arrangement.—Even Blind Man's Buff, and Grand Muffin, receive in their eyes added charms from the participation of their elders.

A mother has no right to seek her own pleasure more than that of her children, or her own improvement more than theirs. She should read with them, talk with them, walk with them, frolic with them. She can create in them almost any taste, form in them almost any habits of occupation, by making herself a party to the same. In this way she makes them, by education, part and parcel of herself,—and can bend them almost at will, provide she indulge them in nothing unreasonable.

I know that many mothers will plead in excuse, their manifold and pressing occupations 'of a do-

mestic nature,' to use a technical phrase. But the mother's influence can be exerted under all circumstances, even at the wash-tub. A lady who brought up a large family, struggling with poverty and all the inconveniences of an infant settlement, told me that when her daughters became old enough to assist her, washing day was the grand jubilee-day of every week, because it brought them all together; whereas, at other times, the daughters were spinning up stairs while the mother officiated in the kitchen. This same mother, in the midst of all this hard work, found means to impart to her children an spirit of refinement, and a taste for improvement, which contributed to make them what they are at this moment—pleasing, cultivated women, who would grace any circle. Those mothers who make drudges of themselves, not from necessity, but because they think property the best good they can lay up for their children, make a sad mistake. They might confer a far greater benefit upon them by other means.

'The trouble of children' is a complaint which would soon be exchanged for 'the delight of children,' if we knew how to value and improve the blessing aright. A buoyant, guileless, light-hearted, and warm-hearted child! its feelings fresh and pure as the dew of morning—and glowing as the mid-day sun! What a refreshment in this wilderness world! Merely as companions, children generally are more entertaining than the mass of people met with in society, inasmuch as the workings of a mind just learning to think and observe, and as yet unhackneyed, are of greater interest than the operations of a mature intelligence, whose thoughts, limited to a narrow range, and gravitating to one centre, are perpetually going the same round.

I have spoken of schools, which are usually considered the most important, and certainly are an essential means of education. Yet in the case of young children, particularly, no adequate advantage is to be derived from them without the co-operation of the mother at home, unless she associates herself in the labors of the teacher. I say the mother, because the father's occupations are such, generally, as preclude the possibility of his rendering the children much assistance. I have heard of one teacher who acted upon the supposition of such a co-operation, and assigned the parents such a share of labor, that one of them sent her word that he should like to exchange work with her.

I knew a little boy, whose mind was exceedingly slow in its early development, and had he been turned in to take his chance in a promiscuous school, without any aid in his lessons at home, he would probably have become discouraged—have been pronounced a dunce, and have become one in consequence. But his mother went through all his lessons with him, at home, taught him how to study, encouraged him, praised his success—and he soon attained the head of his class, and remained there. He now surpasses most boys of his age, in the extent of his acquisitions. The assistance necessary in the first efforts of such a mind, cannot be given in school.

Children are often allowed to perform only an aside part in the family drama, unless sometimes when they are produced for exhibition, to gratify no better feelings on the part either of themselves or their parents, than vanity. But this is not as it should be. It is good for them to perceive that they are as much considered in all respects as other members of the family; not by being foolishly indulged, but by being evidently regarded as add-

ing to the general stock of happiness, and therefore deserving an equal share of privileges.

I admired the just sentiment displayed towards the children of a neighboring village on a public occasion. It was the Fourth of July—on which occasion a beautiful rural fete was prepared, from which children were necessarily excluded. But on the second day a similar fete was given to them. The long table of refreshments was spread anew.—Not a fragment, or broken loaf of cake, not a single faded flower or garland of the previous decorations were allowed to remain; but fresh cakes were supplied, fresh flowers gathered, and new garlands woven—so that every thing was arranged with as much care, and made to look as beautifully as on the preceding day. 'Oh, it will do very well for children,' 'That is good enough for children,' 'No matter about the children,' sentiments like these are very apt to make the children think that it is 'no matter' how they behave, 'no matter what they do,' since 'they are only children.' It is not long since a friend observed, 'How melancholy it is that there is such a neglect of the common means of happiness.' The remark was apparently suggested by the occurrence of a walk, which in company with a parcel of happy children proved very agreeable, although the weather was unpromising. They begged to be excused from a 'straight road walk,' and to be allowed a scramble through the woods. The mosses, those beautiful revelations of indwelling life in what seems inanimate, and even in decay itself, attracted their attention, and they gathered them with as much avidity as if they had been golden sands. I am sure they would not have been more excited in a Broadway toy-shop—and we partook their exhilaration. Cultivate in children strong domestic and social, as well as religious affections, a love of nature and a taste for improvement, and their virtue as well as their happiness is almost a necessary consequence.—*Ladies' Magazine.*

For the Traveller.

I SEE THE STAR.

I see the star I long have lov'd—
A spirit slumbering in the track
That glows like fire, and burns aback
From where the day-god's reddening wheels
Glimmer and glitter, and the heels
Of mad couriers trampling tread
The shifting clouds to mist; each head
Is toss'd aloft, and vapory breath
Streams from their nostrils; underneath
The lash, they pant, as if a scourge
Of scorpions did goad and urge—
Thus snorting down th' horizon's verge.

I see the Star—like the pure light
That lives in woman's kindling eye,
When spirits ha'o'd with delight
Are whispering to her virgin breast,
And nestling in her soul, caress'd
With trembling beauty, lie.

I see the Star. The long hour'd night
My Mother died, I stood to weep
By her still couch; a liae-like light,
Gleam'd on the drapery of the dead,
And lay upon the shrouded head
Of her who slept her dreamless sleep.
'Twas like a spirit's smile—I turn'd
As now thy beauty, sweet one, burn'd.
Again—a Sister left us, thou
Look'd on her wedding with the grave,
As doth the morn on melting wave,
As on my face thou'rt looking now.

And I have deem'd thee, bright ey'd one,
Some soulless spirit, having run
Its destin'd course below, with wing
Pois'd for the sky, stops, lingering
In doubt—the smile drinking the tear—
To trace along eternity its birth—
Or stay with long-lov'd sisters here—
Its thought on heaven, its eye upon the earth. C.

LAUGHABLE SKETCH.—A correspondent of the New York Journal travelling in Italy, gives the following ludicrous account of an incident on the road to Venice, and the humorous punishment of a knavish vetturino. It is impossible to read it without laughing.

As we approached Venice, there was a manifest improvement in the civilities of our vetturino. He had before his mind's eye that unsettled, fluctuating sum, the *buono mano*, or the compliment, above hire,—the reward for the civilities that were not included in the strict discharges of his duties. As he had omitted to perform some of these requisites for a satisfactory *buono mano*, for the last four days, he now endeavored to crowd as many as he could into the last two hours. We gave him however, a satisfactory sum, five dollars in all, for we considered that he had afforded us much abusement. The Sartore was in an especial manner successful in concealing a small needle in a seam of the saddle, with the point upwards, and many was the bounce the vetturino made when his horse was on a hard trot. He took off the saddle for a strict examination into the mystery of such punctuation, but found not the needle, and suspected not the ruse. I cannot suppose otherwise than that a small surface of his hide was punctured as well, that is, as ill, as the tailor's fore finger.

The friar himself essayed a joke—in which he certainly did not excel—by scattering snuff under the rim of the coachman's hat—and when there was a sneeze, the son of the church would go into convulsions of delight. Certainly the manners of the wight who carried us, were not such, that we felt much afflicted when he underwent a trifling mishap. At Padua he lost his old whip, and his horses were of a cast to take an unfair advantage of his misfortune. We touched him gently on the score of a small allowance, if he should arrive late at Fusina. The ostler agreed to find his whip by his return, and we promised a new one, on condition that he would put himself in posture and receive one cut with it from each passenger. After a struggle between the inner and outward man, he assented to do, or suffer it, beyond the gates. His pantaloons were of leather, and as tight as his skin. The Jew gave the first lash, and he laid on as though he hated him. I had prescribed the posture, but at the tingling of the lash, he started out of position, and jumped upwards three feet—an agility of which I had not supposed him capable.

The tailor operated next, and he placed the instrument on the part for which it was intended, with the dexterity of one who was an adept in taking measures. The Vetturino by grinding his teeth, bore it without hopping, and with the air of a man who has got through the difficulties.

The friar was the third flogger, but he was so overcome with laughter, that his lash was thrown away upon the jackboots. Jehu's eyes began to glisten—but I soon set him in a becoming gravity. Resolving not to waste my rights, I practised a dozen lashes upon a rock, every one of which struck terror into the culprit. At last, after having sufficiently flogged his imagination, I directed a cut

to a more sensitive part, and though in boots of 25 pound weight, he danced as though he had been bitten by a tarantula. I then delivered to him his whip, with tears in his eyes, and he received it in the same lachrymose manner. It was apparently some satisfaction to him to retaliate upon his horse, which went at a round rate, though ever and anon, with a condoling air, he put his hand behind, where there were three seams on the surface of the leathern garments.

BENEDICT ARNOLD—Was born in Norwich, Ct. in 1740. His father was a man of suspicious integrity, and after a successful mercantile life, he became *intemperate*, lost his property and was reduced in character to a miserable man. It is presumed the conduct of the father had a pernicious effect upon the son, his example being so bad, unable as he was, to exert any suitable parental restraint, or moral influence upon young Arnold.

At an early age he was put under the care of a druggist in Norwich, and thus early he exhibited an innate love of mischief, an obduracy of heart, and a disposition to indulge in the most wanton cruelty. He delighted to maim young birds within hearing of their mothers, and to scatter broken glass where the school children might cut their feet. As an evidence of his daring and fearless character, he delighted to mount a great water-wheel and astonish people by going under and above the water with it while in motion. After serving his apprenticeship at Norwich, where he obtained the reputation of a turbulent and unprincipled fellow, he removed to New-Haven and began business as a druggist. Afterward he engaged in trade with the West Indies, where he fought a duel, but his speculations were bad and he returned to New-Haven bankrupt and again began business.

In 1775, the news of the battle of Lexington reached New-Haven. Arnold was Captain of a company, and having assembled his troops on the Green, he harangued them in an exciting manner, and asked for volunteers to march with him to Cambridge. About sixty joined him, and when the selectmen refused them arms from the Magazine, he resolutely declared he would burst it open. This threat induced compliance, and he and his little band early joined the American army. Soon after his arrival, the subject of invading Ticonderoga and Crown Point was agitated, and Arnold was appointed Colonel. Some difference between him and Colonel Ethan Allen took place as to precedence of command in investing those fortresses, but Arnold with chagrin and much ill grace was compelled to yield his claim. He persisted, however, on entering Ticonderoga, when it surrendered, sword in hand, at the side of the commander. He was impetuous and ardent, and in contests on Lake Champlain and other places, there was no bounds to his courage, seeking the hottest of the fight and contending with the ferocity of a tiger.

Subsequent to this we find him heading the expedition through the wilderness of Maine to Quebec—an enterprise coupled with hardships and sufferings which no one could have contemplated only as an incredible, mad scheme, but Arnold. In 1777, he was superceded in command, an event ill-calculated to produce contentment in such a hot and passionate mind. He soon began to complain of the ingratitude of his country, and his accounts, which were laid before Congress, they delayed to examine, and in a manner reflecting upon his in-

tegrity, refused to discharge. Even after this, in all his subsequent affairs, when appropriations were withheld and his commissions rescinded, and in consequence of his irascibility and rashness, difficulties occurred between him and superior officers, he seemed driven to desperation and bitterly sought revenge for what he termed the *ingratitude of his country!* There is no doubt his claims were procrastinated too long, and an undue prejudice, allowed to be exerted against him, from his impetuosity of character, so that he became embittered in his feelings toward every body, and allowed his chafed spirit to seize upon the earliest opportunity to glut itself with *revenge!*

After the British evacuated Philadelphia, Arnold was given command of that city, and soon after married an accomplished, beautiful daughter of Judge Shippen. The Judge was a Tory, and his daughter had been on terms of intimacy with the British officers, and among them, **ANDRE**. After this period, she continued to cultivate so desirable an acquaintance; and in this way it was that Arnold was introduced to his future victim. While in Philadelphia, Arnold lived in the most extravagant style, and was goaded to desperation by creditors, complaining unceasingly because Congress would not grant him such money and reimbursements as he stipulated. It was at this period of his life that he formed the atrocious design of betraying his country. He continued a clandestine correspondence with Andre, who was on board the British fleet with Sir Henry Clinton, under the assumed name of *Gustavus*, for nearly 18 months before the train was completed, and in the mean time, solicited and obtained the command of West Point. The details of the detection and execution of Andre, are too familiar now to need recapitulation.

Respecting Arnold, he was at breakfast at his own table, when a letter was handed him from below, announcing the apprehension of Andre, and the disclosure of his character as a Spy! His self-command at the moment was wonderful, for he knew his own fate was irrevocably sealed. He ordered a horse saddled, told his officers important business required his absence, entered Mrs. Arnold's chamber and informed her his life depended upon being able to reach the enemy's lines in safety. That they must part, perhaps, forever!—Struck with horror at the intelligence, she swooned away, and in that condition he left her. He mounted his horse, gained the river, and in a few minutes more was on board the British frigate *Vulture*. Shortly afterward, Washington was apprised of the transaction by the arrival of an express containing the papers found upon Andre, disclosing the plot, and he then learned that Arnold had been absent from the Point some hours. He exhibited his accustomed calmness, and apprehensively said to Lafayette, when communicating the villainy, '*Whom can we trust now?*' Washington immediately called upon Mrs. Arnold, and found her frantic with distress and upon the borders of distraction, alternately weeping bitterly and upbraiding him as intent upon destroying her husband. She soon after joined him on board the *Vulture*.

Arnold had a commission in the British army and six thousand three hundred pounds paid him, the original stipulation for his treason. Afterward he acted in the most hostile and vindictive manner against his country. He descended with a fleet upon Groton and New-London and ravaged and burnt those places, almost within sight of his connexions and his early home! Every measure was

attempted to get possession of his person by the Americans, and the general order was in case of success, to have him put to immediate execution. He sailed for England in 1781, and subsequently sunk into such contempt and obscurity, that little is known of him. After the war was terminated, he lived in St. John's, New-Brunswick, and traded extensively with the West Indies, when he returned to England, and died in 1801, aged 61 years.—Benedict Arnold was unquestionably a man of great physical courage and undaunted intrepidity of character. He knew no such emotion as fear, but yet was deficient in cool judgment, and could endure nothing like rebuke or opposition from any man. Rashness and impetuosity were pre-eminent in him, and the *intemperate* character of the father early matured the moral obliquity of principle, and strengthened the natural turpitude of conduct in the son. The fate of MAJOR ANDRE was lamented by all, and his memory is revered even by those he sought, according to the practices of war, to destroy. The name of *Benedict Arnold* ever will be execrated in both hemispheres.

A SCENE FROM THE DELUGE.—Now only the highest summit peeped out of the waters. Semin, a noble youth, to whom the fairest of maids had sworn eternal truth, had landed his beloved Zemira on this pinnacle. Alone, for all the rest had been swept off by the flood, they stood in the howling storm wind. The waves broke upon them, the thunder bellowed above them, and below roars a swelling ocean. Gloomy was the darkness around, unless when lightning illuminated the dismal scene. Every cloud threatened destruction from its dark brow, and every wave rolled carcasses along and seemed yawning for a further prey.—Zemira pressed her lover to her trembling heart. Tears mingled with the rain drops which trickled down her pale cheeks. She spoke with a faltering voice. "There is no hope of safety more.—My beloved Semin, we are on all sides surrounded with lowering death. O desolation! O woe!—You may see it come near and nearer, the death which awaits us. Which of these billows is to submerge us. Hold me in thy cold and shivering arms, my beloved! Soon shall I, soon shall thou, be no more. Swept into the universal whirlpool of destruction. Now, my God, what a wave approaches! it glitters in the lightning—it passes over us." She spoke, and sank powerless on Semin.

"O God of judgment," she exclaimed, "is there no safety, no pity for us? How the waves rush, the thunders roar, and the voice of winds tell of this unattonable vengeance. O God, our years have passed in innocence. Thou, my Semin, was the most victorious of youths. Wo to me! thou hast adorned my being with a thousand joys; but they are fled, they are gone forever. And thou, who gavest me my life, thou too, hast been torn from my side, and my tortured sight had to behold thee lifting up thy head above the waters, and thy arms, for the last time, as if to bless me. All are swallowed up: Yet Semin, Semin, this lonely and forsaken world would be a paradise to me with thee still by my side. Oh God, our years have been passed in innocence; is there no pity for the blameless—no salvation! What says my tormented heart? God pardon me! We are dying. What is human innocence before thee."

The youth held his beloved, who shivered in the

stormed wind, and spake: "Yes, my beloved, all life is washed off from the earth; no mortal now howls amid the roaring of this desolation. My beloved Zemira, the coming instant is our last. Yes, they are fled! all the hopes of our life; that holy moment when we vowed to each other inviolable constancy, we have in vain exulted in; we are dying. But let us not, like outcasts, pine over a common lot. What is the longest life, and the joyfulest, but a dew-drop which hangs to-day on the rock and to-morrow falls into the ocean. Lift up thy courage. Beyond this life there is a bliss and eternity. Let us not tremble to cross the narrow sea.

Courage and joy arose in the soul of Zemira, and embellished her countenance. She lifted her hands amid the tempest, and said: "Yes, I feel these great and mighty truths. Ye are but gone before, my beloved ones, who were lately torn from me; we, too, are coming; we soon shall meet again. See, my beloved, death is coming nearer, on this rising, stifling blackness of the wave. O Semin, embrace me; leave me not, the wave lifts me, I float."

"I embrace thee, Zemira," said the youth. "I embrace thee, death, with welcome."

So they spake; while the flood swept them away in each other's arms.—*From the German.*

BEAUTY AND LOVELINESS.

He looked on the chiselled *form* and *face*,
And the roseate blush beguiling,
And the arch of the eye-brow's pencilled trace,
And the lip in moisture smiling.

He looked on the raven *curls* that fell
O'er the brow of Parian whiteness,
And the *silken lash* that softened the spell
Of the eye that swam in brightness.

He looked on the *slender hand* that shone,
Where the sparkle of gems abounded,
Like the star of eve on her vesper throne,
By the pearls of the sky surrounded.

He looked on the *arm*, as in floating grace,
It waved o'er the chords entrancing,
And the feathery *foot*, as it marked each trace
Of the melody in dancing.

He looked on all these, while links of gold
With the silken chains were blended;
And yet in his bosom calm and cold,
No wave of the soul ascended.

No rapture glowed in his tranquil gaze,
The tremulous thought revealing;
He looked for the light of soul in the face,
And saw not a ray o'er it stealing.

OLD GENTLEMEN OF A CERTAIN AGE.—We find the following in the New York Mirror, purporting to be from "The New Pilgrim's Progress," a work now in the press from Paulding. We hasten to commend this advice to those for whom it is intended—only remarking that as many and forcible reasons could be given why young ladies of a certain age should reject a class of lovers, too numerous to mention, in the months specified below.—"Very old single gentlemen of a certain age should be careful how they marry in the month of January, for reasons which shall be nameless; or in February, for reasons which will readily present themselves; or in March, for reasons we do not think proper to specify; or in April, for reasons best known by ourselves; or in May, for reasons

the sheriff and I, instinctively assumed the attitude of prayer at the same moment. Moya's 'own boy' never even mounted the steps of the execution room. We were first stilled, while we all knelt, as it afterwards proved—by her shrieks at the outer gates; she had escaped from the restraints of her family, and had come to the jail, insisting on being married to him "with the rope itself round his neck, to live a widow for him for ever"—and next there was a glorious shout from the multitude on the rural heights before the prison, and my one ceaseless idea of our attorney, with a white handkerchief streaming through the window of his post chaise, *was* realized, though every one saw it but I. And Moya, self-transported for life, went to Van Dieman's land, some weeks afterwards, a happy and contented wife, her family having yielded to her wishes at the instance of more advocates than herself, and put some money in her purse also.

For the Traveller.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY O. W. W.

A Vision of the Future came,
Like sunlight, o'er my path;
Or like a pure and sinless dream,
Which sometimes with a sunny gleam
Steals on the darker Earth.
Unto my mind a holier thought,
A higher range was given;
And O! the spells the world hath wrought
Around me—were with sadness fraught,
They seemed so far from Heaven!

My Vision was a pensive Child,
His forehead calmly leaning
Upon a snowy hand; and mild
His spirit seemed, and undefiled—
His face was lit with meaning;
'Twas bright, although no outward ray
Could bless the ripened Mind,
Or light the Wanderer on his way,
The little while he had to stay—
For he, alas, was blind!

Yet think not that his heart was low,
Or clouded were his dreams;
For God can send his peace below,
And, o'er the chastened spirit, throw
Its bright, unfading beams.
And O! it moved my heart with joy,
That he should comprehend
The Love which is without alloy,
This Truth which Time can ne'er destroy—
God is the young child's Friend!

Love dwelt within his tender heart,
For he had never learned
To kneel before the shrine of Art,
Or waste the spirit's better part,
Where Error's lamp hath burned.
His love was for each thing which God
In sunny smiles hath drest,
The music of a happy bird—
A flower—a voice of gladness—stirred
His heart—and he was blessed.

One gentle wish his bosom moved,
One Hope indulged, though late—
To meet the One whom he had loved,
The little one whom he had proved
A kind and welcome mate!
They met—and though the world may give
Some thoughts of gladder bliss—
My heart can ne'er again receive
A dream more innocent—or weave
A sweeter scene than this!

Such was my Vision; and to me
It seemed as God had placed
Before me, for my heart to see
A holy love and purity,
Which Time had not defaced.
Such was my Vision; and through all
The bliss of Life's career,
My Heart, in silence, will recall
That scene, whose sweetness could enthral
My spirit with a tear!

JOURNEY TO MOUNT SINAI.—The last two chapters of Major Felix's account of a journey to Mount Sinai were read. The convent on the mount was founded by Justinian, who endowed it with the whole peninsula of Sinai. When Mahomet was spreading his religion with fire and sword over the east, he is said to have spared this convent in gratitude for an opportune supply of water and provisions; and (as the monks assert) gave them a firman, written by Ali, which confirmed to their order Justinian's grant of the Peninsula.—Not being able to write, Justinian spread ink over his hand, and laid it on the paper as his signature. This firman was sent to Constantinople, where Sultan Selim collected all the relics of the prophet; and the monks received another to the same effect, which, they say, is now at Cairo. It appears the monks of the convent are very ill used by the Arabs. The gardens are spacious and highly cultivated; vines are trained on trellises, and form shady walks. The apples and pears are excellent, and are sent to Cairo; melons, apricots, pomegranates, almonds, and mulberries are in great number; so also oranges and lemons. There is a Greek church on the mount, which glitters with the golden portraits of saints and worthies. The floor is of mosaic gold; and the hands and skull of St Catharine, to whom it is dedicated, are carefully preserved; but the great object of interest, "the Holy of Holies," is the spot where tradition has placed the burning bush, and over which a small chapel has been erected. This bush is called Seneh, which means a thorny shrub, and may be the species of accacia called lens by the Arabs, of which there are many in the desert. The word Sinni is probably derived from Seneh; and as the Lord says to Moses, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," this custom is strictly enforced by the monks; and the Major and his party entered the small chapel barefoot. Horeb and Sinni form but one mountain; and this is the reason that they are frequently confounded in Scripture. A chapel has been built over the cave which the prophet Elijah is supposed to have occupied during the forty days he was miraculously supplied with food. Mass is sometimes said, and pilgrims perform their devotions in it! The author compared the account of Moses with the present aspect of the mountain, and observes, he and his party had the satisfaction of reflecting, that the features of the country could not have changed since the advent of the Israelites; for, though the general face of nature is ever varying, and destruction or decay effaces the works of man, the firm and lonely desert, and the granite mountain, remain the same throughout time,—undisturbed, unshaken. Leaving Mount Sinai, the summit of which the author reached, and proceeding northward, he came to Sarabeit-el-Khadan, where, on a small plain, he found a number of sandstone tablets, from five to eight feet in height, three feet in width, and two in thickness. The greater number was enclosed by a wall, parts of which remained, but some stood on mounts out-

side the wall; within were several small chapels, erected at different periods, one of which had columns. The tablets were covered on all sides with hieroglyphics; were erected by different kings; and they recorded some event that had occurred in a particular year in their reigns. The enclosure had certainly the appearance of a burying ground; but the monuments were not sepulchral, nor was there the slightest reference to the well known forms which are found on every tomb and on every mummy-case. They appeared to be memorials, not of victories or national events, but of some private act of the Pharaohs, who set them up.—*Proceedings of the Geographical Society.*

FLIGHT AND FEATHERS OF BIRDS.—All birds are covered with feathers, and they are the only animals which, properly speaking, are so. These feathers are of two sorts,—feathers for clothing, to protect the animal from the vicissitudes of the weather, and feathers for flight. Both of these are beautifully modified, so as to suit the different habits of the several species, and adapt them to the climates and the elements in which they find their food. Some other animals, as for instance the lepidopterous insects—the butterflies and the moths have a coat of feathers, or rather of fringed or feathery scales; but these are few or none of the characters of true feathers, and in no case, except that of birds, are feathers the instruments of flight. But still we can, in the imperfect feathers of the lepidoptera, discover one of the uses of feathers in birds better than we can perhaps do in the feathers themselves, as in them it is conjoined with other uses. The study of one animal often assists us in acquiring a knowledge of another, especially when the one contains a single part of that which the living animal, which is far more satisfactory than any we could obtain by the direction of a dead one; for we can, in the one case, actually see the part of the organ in action, whereas in the other we can only infer or guess at the way in which it acts. Now, every one must have noticed, that bees, flies, and all other insects which have membranous or naked wings, must keep those wings constantly in rapid motion while they fly. The motion is often so rapid that the wings cannot be seen, any further than by a sort of tremulous motion in the air; and the action of the wing produces all that humming and buzzing among flying insects which makes the summer air so lively: for insects do not breathe by the mouth, and have no organ of voice of any description. The action of those naked wings upon the air must be very considerable; because when a common bluebottle-fly (*musca vomitoria*) alights on the window, and marches along one of the dusty bars of the frame, winnowing the air with its wings, in a vain attempt to escape through the glass, it stirs the dust more in proportion than a coach and six driving rapidly along a dry road on a hot summer's day. Insects with wings of this description cannot hover, or lean on the air with still and expanded wing. But the lepidoptera, especially the butterflies, do hover about, and rest on the air, and wheel in various directions, with very little apparent motion of the wings; and when they do move them, it is done much more slowly than the motion of the naked wing, in proportion to the rate of progressive motion. These lepidopterous wings also move in silence, or when they are brought into such rapid action as to produce a sort of noise, it is a low and muffled rustle, and does not ring out, so that the largest butterfly or moth

gets along much more silent than the gnat. We may add as a further instance of the same kind, that the bats when they fly are always obliged to winnow the air with their flying membranes, something in the same way as naked winged insects do, tho' the flight of bats, unless when they are agitated is comparatively noiseless. So also those reptiles which fly by means of membranous appendages are obliged to flutter these very much in proportion to the rate of their progressive motion. Now the difference of action in these two textures of wings in the other classes of animals, shows us the advantage which birds derive from their feathery covering and feathery organs of flight. These feathers, even the minutest fibre on the plumes or webs, are tabular, consisting of only a thin film of solid matter, filled with air within, though strengthened by partitions of cellular substance, more or less close together, according to the strain which the feathers have to bear. From the mode in which the feathers and all their parts are laid upon the bird, it presents a smooth surface upwards and forwards, so that the animal can move in either of these directions with very little resistance from the friction of the air.—When it moves in either of them the resistance of friction does not increase so rapidly as the rate of motion; because the pressure smoothes the feathers, and causes the air to take less hold of them. This property, which arises in part from the texture of the upper surface of the feathers, but chiefly from the way in which they are formed and placed, is of equal service to birds when they must perch or otherwise remain at rest so as to abide the blast, as when they fly exposed to it. Perching or flying, when a bird is in the wind it always faces the current, and thus offers the least resistance both by its form and its feathers. When, however, the feathers are taken in the opposite directions, they offer as much increase of resistance as they offer diminution when they are taken above or in front. The wings are always more or less hollow on the under sides, and they take hold of the air by millions of fibres, so that a bird with its flying feathers on the stretch, would fall much more slowly than one would suppose from the difference between its specific gravity & that of the air. The resistance which all the feathers on the body of the bird offer to motion backwards is still greater; and it increases with the force which tends to move the animal in that direction. The instant that it begins to be driven backwards, so that a current against its body is produced, the points of the feathers rise and take the wind with so many fibres, that the resistance is very similar to that made by a scaly fish, when one attempts to draw one of these by the tail; and every one who has angled and accidentally caught even a small trout in that way, knows that an ounce weight is as difficult to land when so hooked, as a pound weight is when hooked by the head. But the feathers of birds rise much more in proportion than the free edges of the scales upon any fish, and they are every way as well formed for "holding on" in the air, as those are for holding on in the water. Thus the bird may be said to resist motion backwards in the air, by throwing out the point of each feather like the "fluke" of an anchor.—*Mudie's Natural History of Birds.*

THE LAST ERRAND OF THE BALD EAGLE — [The following is one of the numerous eloquent and interesting passages which we marked, in perusing Mr. Hoffman's *Winter in the West*, for future insertion in these columns.]

The tribe of "The Bald Eagle" had been long at peace with the whites. The aged sagamore had acquired their language, and become familiar with their manners. He was a frequent visitor at the fort erected at the mouth of the Kenawha; and the soldiers' children would sit upon the blanket of the kind old Indian, while he fitted the arrows of reed to their mimic bows for them, and beguiled the sunny hours with some ancient legend of his people; traditions of their fabulous battles with the all-devouring Gitchepzbeke, and would make young eyes dilate with wonder; and fearful tales of murdered chieftains, who, when the baskwa (night hawk) flitted through the wood, and the bright foot-prints gleamed along the Path of Ghosts, would stalk round the lodges of their kindred, and whisper the story of their fate to the tardy avengers of blood within. Often, at noontide, or when the ruddy hues of sunset were softened on the bosom of the broad Ohio, his bark canoe would be seen skimming the river, towards the fort, while the urchins ran down to meet the harmless old man, and supplied him with sweetmeats and tobacco, in return for the trifling presents he would bring them from his forest home—baskets of the flexible and delicate-hued birch, pouches of the variegated and platted porcupine quills, and fillets woven by the daughters of the chief, from the flaming feathers of the moninggwuma. Twilight would come, and the whippoorwill commence his evening call from the hill side, while the garrulous ancient still lingered with his boyish playmates; but night again would find his frail shallop drifting down the stream, while ever and anon, the chief would pause as he applied his paddle to return the salute of some friendly pioneer, who, in the existing peace upon the border, had ventured to place his cabin on the shore.

Many months had passed away, and still with each returning week the children watched for their swarthy visitor; and never failed at least to see his paddle flashing behind some green promontory, and soon impelling its light canoe upon the beach beside them. But at length the chieftain came no more; the little gifts which they had prepared lost their novelty, and they longed in vain for the old Delaware to string their bows anew, or to bring them plums from the island, and the rich fruit of the pawpaw from over the river; and still the Bald Eagle came not. The white hunters could tell nothing of him, and the few settlers along the stream declared they had last seen him floating safely past their cabins, with pipe in mouth as usual, and wending his way to the village of his tribe far down the river; but the neighboring Indians no longer brought them venison and wild-honey from the wood, their otter-traps had been withdrawn from the cane-brake, and the light of their torches was no more seen upon the river, guiding them in the favorite sport of spearing the fish that teem in its waters.

The garrison was not dismayed at the ominous silence: yet the sudden cessation of all intercourse between themselves and the Indians threw a gloom over their little community. There was one among their number, who could have unravelled the mystery; it was one who, like the murderer of Logan's family, had forged at least one link in the monstrous chain of injury which was at this moment knitting the neighboring tribes in bitter hostility to the whites—it was the assassin of The Bald Eagle. This man, as it afterward appeared, had suffered from the Indians in former years, and in compliance with a vow of vengeance

against the whole race, he had waylaid the friendly Delaware on his lonely voyage down the river, and murdered him within a short distance of the fort. The superannuated warrior could make but feeble resistance against the athletic and implacable back-woodsman. The fated savage pleaded vainly for a moment, in which to sing his death-song, but the heart of the Indian-hater was steeled against the appeal, and the atrocious violence was consummated with equal secrecy and despatch.

But the blood of the victim was yet to cry from the ground.

hurried it on the voyage for which it was fearfully freighted. The settlers on the river's side recognized the well known and accustomed form of him that steered it, and dreaming not of the fate that had overtaken its master, they saluted him, as usual, from the shore; but when they hailed, no friendly whoop replied to the call; they beckoned, but the grim boatman heeded not; the shallop still went on, for the hand that guided kept it steadily on its way. The wild deer, drinking from the wave, started at the shadow, as it glided before him; the raven snuffed the tainted food, and hovered above its head, yet dared not to alight beside that motionless and stern voyager. And still that bark kept on. But now it has neared the home of the murdered sagamore; and, like a steed that knows the dwelling of its master, seems to be making unerringly for that green headland where the friends of the sachem are waiting the wonted hour of his return.

What more is there to add?—the dumb messenger fulfilled his mission. The neighboring bands at once dug up the tomahawk, and runners were instantly despatched to the remoter tribes; the bloody war-belt passed like lightning along the border; the peaceful Mingoes had wrongs of their own to avenge, and needed not to read its mystic wampum, but the red handled hatchet was shaken alike among the deep forests of Ohio, on the sunny prairies of Illinois, and in the dark glens of Pennsylvania; while the thousand lakes of York, the warlike bands that hunted those crystal waters clutched with eagerness the fearful emblem.

The allotted days of fasting had passed by for the friends of the murdered Delaware; the black hue of mourning was washed from their indignant brows; and ere the crimson die of battle had dried upon their cheeks the banks of the Ohio resounded with the war-whoop; while the burning of their cabins, and the massacre of their neighbors gave the terrified settlers the first intimation of the foul murder of the Kenawha.

The horrors of the war of retaliation thus commenced, continued to rage until Lord Dunmore's expedition put a period to the strife; and the dwellers on the shore that was coasted by the dead boatman, would long after shudder when they remembered *The last errand of the Bald Eagle.*

RACK RENTING.—Rent, in Ireland, is most commonly all that can be scraped together by the farmer, after paying the expense of labor, and seed, and bare subsistence. Wherever an increased profit is possible, rent is increased in proportion; and if we find, in any district, advantages which would seem to bear peculiarly on the favorable condition of the farmer,—such as good roads, navigable communication, or abundance of cheap manure, we do not find the farmers in a better condition; we only find, that higher rents are paid to the landlord. I fear, that so long as this disposition

exists, improvement in public works would tend more to the benefit of the landlord than the tenant. It is little source of congratulation to the traveller in Ireland, that he sees the pigs about the miserable cabin, by the road side—or that he sees within the cabin, a wheel going, or a loom spinning; because these are only so many evidences of the difficulty of paying rent, and only so many sources of paying it. There are exceptions no doubt; and where the linen trade exists, which is inherently a profitable trade, the loom is frequently the source of little comforts; but this is only confined to certain districts.

For the Traveller.

THE JILTED.

BY HARP OF THE HILLS.

I'll forget thee; why should sorrow
Brood a moment o'er my heart?
Life's rich lip will burn to-morrow,
Melting Disappointment's dart;
The pang of parting may have griev'd me,
It is past and conquer'd now,
And, as ere thy lips deceiv'd me,
Is my heart, my lip, my brow.

I'll forget thee; Joy smiling,
Whispers as she us'd before,
Thine image from my heart beguiling,
Bids me dream of thee no more;
Young Hope, that o'er my spirit stealing,
Laughs at baffled love's false fear,
While Pride, his lion-eye revealing,
Stamps the ground that drank the tear.

I'll forget thee, haughty maiden,
As the wheel spurns off the dust,
As the sword with carnage laden,
Scorns that it in peace could rust;
Go thy way, I'll not deride thee,
Synonym of fickleness!
Thy heart's another's, luck betide thee!
Panting in his warm caress.

I'll forget thee; Falschood rusted
Thy young soul to shame and death,
Not my love, false tongues were trusted,
Not my voice, but Slander's breath;
I had deem'd thee, girl, true hearted,
And thou wast and had been now,
Had not Error's foul hand parted
Thy bright locks and kiss'd thy brow.

I'll forget thee; yet Pity, stealing
Round my heart, like thy first song,
Bids, forget each bitter feeling,
And believe thee *led* wrong;
Says, Affection's hand should screen us,
Since thou wast not evil all,
And we, woe's cup should share between us,
Thou the *wormwood*, I the *gall*.

THE TALISMAN:

AN ADVENTURE IN SPAIN.

A few leagues from the celebrated city of Barcelona is a small village, called Puebla Carmona. It stands at the base of a lofty and singularly shaped mountain, the Sierra de Montserrat. The inhabitants are chiefly the proprietors of the adjoining vineyards, and their laborers; hence, the houses and cottages are nenter, and present to an English eye an appearance of comfort not very usual out of the large towns in Spain. During my wandering in Catalonia a few years since, I took up my abode in this village, with the intention of making it my head-quarters for a time, and effecting some excursions in the neighborhood, particularly to the ornamental caverns known as Las Hermitas (the

Hermitages), which I understood to be situated at a very considerable elevation, and inhabited by some poor monks. I found but one public house in Carmona, and it is dignified by the title of *Fonda Catalana* (the Catalan Inn). The *fonda* can at all events boast of cleanliness, and I did not look for any luxury beyond that rare one in a Spanish Hotel. Nevertheless, there were more *agremens* in it than I was at first prepared to expect. I usually sallied forth early in the morning, and passed the day in the Sierra. On my return in the afternoon from my mountain ramble, a well cooked *olla podrida* awaited me, which I washed down with a bottle of a delicious red wine they called *guarnacha*. The evening did not afterwards pass heavily. The daughter of the innkeeper and vineyard proprietor, for he is both, Marguerita by name—a lively, olive-complexioned beauty, with a pair of sparkling intelligent black eyes, *ojos habladores*, as I called them—would, after attending upon me at my meals, bring her guitar, and accompanying her voice with considerable skill, sing to me some of her national *canciones*, those romantic ballads of the times of the Moors, which are so little known out of Spain, although they contain much beautiful poetry and music. One of these was my especial favorite, and always received an encore. The number of couplets amounted to more than twenty. It was a Moorish love tale, the adventures of the valiant Gazul and the beautiful Lindarabel.—With this and other songs, the time passed quickly enough. I found altogether so much amusement, and I regained my health and spirits so rapidly, that I was induced to extend my stay at Carmona, and at length I determined to make a longer excursion up the mountain than I had hitherto accomplished. I resolved to endeavor to reach the summit of Montserrat, and enjoy from thence the splendor of sunrise, which I had often heard described in flowing colors. Marguerita, however, used the most earnest persuasions to induce me to abandon the project. Although she allowed that my health had wonderfully improved, yet she insisted that I was not yet equal to the fatigue that I must undergo. But she more particularly dwelt upon the circumstance of the Sierra being the rendezvous of a formidable banditti, whose detachments were then robbing on the roads towards France. It was impossible, she averred, that I could avoid falling in with some of the band, when I should certainly be plundered, and perhaps viewed and treated as a spy. I was, however, in an obstinate humor, and would not be scared from my purpose. Having made every arrangement for a pedestrian journey, I put into one pocket a few dollars, and into the other my small bright double barrelled pistol, which although in reality a very inefficacious weapon, I have known to cause the greatest alarm to even a well armed Spaniard.—They rarely use the pistol, but have an idea that it is the Englishman's national weapon, and unerring in his hand. At this moment I remember me of an instance of this. I was passing on foot thro' a street in a town in Andalusia, when a savage looking Spaniard rushed unexpectedly from a house, and nearly overthrew me. Instead of apology, he uttered some rude exclamation, and I looked at him, as I felt, indignant enough, adding a Spanish word of insult which I need not here record. My antagonist's eyes flashed fire. 'I have something to punish you insolent foreigners,' said he, drawing from his side-pocket the formidable knife, which, altho' prohibited by law, every man carries in Spain.

near he could not overtake her till she entered the minister's house by the back gate that led through the kirk-yard. David's eyes were opened; he saw at once that the elegant and genteel minister had seduced his sweetheart's affections; and he now conceived that he understood all her demeanour, and every thing she had said to him. So he rushed into the kitchen: there were two servant girls in it, and he asked them, with a voice of fury, where Phemie was?

"Now, I must tell, that this parson had got a bad word with some young ladies, both married and unmarried; and though for my part I never believed a word of it, yet the report spread, which waned the parson's congregation from him, all save a few gentlemen who came to dine at the manse every Sunday. David was perfectly enraged; for he perceived his road straight before him.

"Where is Phemie?" cried he.

"What Phemie?" said the one girl; 'What Phemie?' said the other.

"Why! Phemie Hewit," cried he, fiercely. 'I know how matters are going on; so you need not make any of your confounded pretences of ignorance to me. I followed her in here this minute; so tell me instantly where she is, or bring your master to answer to me.'

"Phemie Hewit!" said the one girl; 'Phemie Hewit!' said the other. And with that one of them (Sarah Robson) ran ben to the minister, and said, 'For God's sake, sir, come but an' speak to Mr. David Hunter; he is come in raving mad, and asking for Phemie Hewit, and seems to think that you have her concealed in the house.'

"Mr. Nevison, with all his usual suavity of manners, came into the kitchen, asked Mr. Hunter how he was, and how his father and sisters were.

"I'm no that ill, sir; I hae nae grit reason to complain o' any things or any body excepting you. Where is my sweetheart, sir? I followed her in here this minute, and if ye dinna gie her up to me I'll burn the house aboon your head."

"Your sweetheart, Mr. David? Whom do you mean? Is it one of my servant girls, for there is no other woman in the house, to my knowledge?"

"No, sir, it is Phemie Hewit that I want—my own Phemie Hewit—my betrothed! I followed her in here at your back gate this instant, and I insist on seeing her."

"Phemie Hewit!" exclaimed the two servant girls. 'Phemie Hewit!' exclaimed the minister. 'My dear sir, you are raving, and out of your senses: there was but one Phemie Hewit whom I knew in all this country, the merchant's daughter of Thornhill, and she is dead, and was buried here within six paces of the back of my house, the day before yesterday.'

"Come now, sir, that is a hoax to get me off," cried David, in a loud tone, betwixt laughing and crying. "That winna do; tell me the truth at aince. That is ower serious a matter to joke on; therefore, for the sake of Heaven and this poor heart, tell me the real truth."

"I tell you the real truth, Mr. Hunter. I was at her funeral myself, and laid her left shoulder into the grave, and saw engraved in gold letters on the coffin lid, 'Euphemia Hewit, aged 22.'"

"About the beginning of May, a servant came posting me on horseback, and requested me to go and see Mr. David Hunter, who was very poorly, and wished particularly to see me. I obeyed the summons with alacrity, and found him in bed, very low indeed. He desired his two sisters to go out, and then, taking my hand, he said,

"Now, my dear friend, my time is come—the time which I have long desired. I have seen my Phemie again to-day."

"But only in a dream, David, I am sure. Consider yourself only in a dream."

"No, I was wide awake, and sensible as at this moment while speaking to you. The door was standing open, to give me air. I was all alone, which you know I choose mostly to be, for prayer and meditation, when in glided my Phemie, with the train of her grey frock drawn over her lovely locks. I had no thought, no remembrance that she was dead. It was impossible to think so; for her smile was so sweet; so heavenly, even more beautiful than I had ever seen it, and her complexion was that of the pale rose. She threw her locks back from each cheek with her left hand, and said,

"You see I have come to invite you as I promised, David. Are you ready to meet me to-night at our trysting-tree, and at the usual hour?"

"I am afraid, my beloved Phemie, that I shall scarcely be able to attend," said I.

"Yes, but you will," said she, 'and you must not disappoint me, for I will await your arrival.' And with a graceful curtsy and a smile she retired, saying, as she left the room, 'God be with you till then, David.'

"This narrative quite confounded me. It was a long time before I could either act or think. At length I sat down on his bedside, and took his hand in mine; it was worn to the hand of a skeleton. I felt his pulse; that strong and manly pulse had dwindled into a mere shiver, with an interval every seven or eight strikes. I easily perceived that it was all over with him.

"How do you think my pulse is?" said he.

"The pulse is not amiss," said I; 'but you may depend on Phemie's word. You will meet her to-night at the trysting hour, I have no doubt of it. When is your trysting hour; for I think you may rely on Phemie's word?'

"O yes, O yes!" said he. 'Phemie never told a lie in her life, and it would be absurd to think she would do it now. Let me have your prayers, my dear friend, let me have your prayers to take with me, and I will trust my Redeemer for the rest.' "These were the last words he uttered in this life."

THE MAYOR OF WIND-GAP.—The author of the O'Hara tales is surpassed by few, in power of description and fascination of style. His Irish stories are full of nature, and abound in stirring incidents; while here and there passages are introduced, glowing with pure sentiment, and illustrating those feelings of rectitude which are to be found among many of the Irish peasantry. Mr. Bavian, the acknowledged writer of these popular tales, has brought within the compass of one volume very many interesting incidents; and to those who hardly anticipate much romance in the present on account of the brief space it occupies, we would observe that there is sufficient matter to fill three fashionable modern novels, provided it had come under the management of a less experienced hand. Although the popularity of Bavian has been great—although the heart of many a reader has throbbed with interest and been deeply touched with feeling, while dwelling on the winning words of

his lip—yet we regret to say that his recompense has been small; and that the wreath of fame has been placed on a sad and weary brow. We might select many beautiful portions of the present volume to show that his powers are still unimpaired; but this is hardly necessary, since there are few who would not prefer to drink from the fountain head the draught of pure feeling which sparkles amid its waters. The Mayor of Wind-Gap is an Irish story, and comprises many amusing pictures of superstition, life and character. It is, as we have observed, confined to a limited space; but that space is crowded with beautiful scenes and strange adventures, which are worthy the expectations raised by the reputation of the author. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, and Harper & Brothers. For sale by Russell, Odiorne & Co. and W. D. Ticknor.

LIFE OF SAMUEL DREW.—Reader, if you would become acquainted with a character that has but few parallels in history, with a striking example of what may be accomplished against the force of circumstances, take up the life of Samuel Drew, lately published by the Harpers, and for sale here by Russell, Odiorne & Co. He was a shoemaker living at Cornwall, the most secluded portion of England. He was so poor that marrying a wife with a fortune of *ten pounds* was thought a piece of good luck; so little in the way of literary advantage that until he was more than twenty years of age he could scarcely read, and the first book he ever possessed was the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

This man, by the mere force of intellect, became one of the first metaphysicians of the age "Unknown—without books on the subject—ignorant even that such books existed—and so poor that his only time for writing was at night after working all day with his awl and hammer, and with no better desk than a pair of bellows held upon his knee as he sat in the chimney corner with his family around him, this man, out of the untutored workings of his own mind produced an essay on the immateriality and immortality of the soul, which in force and originality has never been surpassed—which immediately placed him in the highest rank of metaphysicians, gained for him at once the unsolicited friendship and admiration of such men as Adam Clarke, Olinthus Gregory, Professor Kidd and many others of high reputation—made his workshop the resort of eminent men from all parts of Great Britain—and finally placed him in the editorial chair of a religious and literary periodical of high standing and great circulation." Mr Drew was an active and leading member of the Methodist Society, and for the last thirty years of his life a local preacher. He died in the beginning of 1833.

MOTION, AS A HEALTHFUL AGENT.—The importance of motion to health is shown in the very construction of the body. When the brain is not

receiving the motion of the blood, the lungs, that of the heart and diaphragm, then there is an end of thinking and living. Lorry has, therefore, properly said, that exercise is not advised by nature, but commanded; she has given almost the whole mass which covers the bones for motion, and made it capable of much more powerful motion than that which she herself keeps a-going. Her's are the finer and steadier movements, but she demands in us an accompaniment of the stronger and coarser ones. Broussais, after alluding to instinct, as leading imperiously to motion among all animals, places exercise as a passion affecting the young of the human race. Chleyne, speaking of the exercise of the young, gives a good remark when he says:—" 'Tis beautiful to observe that earnest desire planted by nature in the young persons, to romp, jump, wrestle, and run, and constantly to be pursuing exercises and bodily diversions that require labor, even till they are ready to drop down, especially the healthier sort of them, so that sitting or being confined seems to be the greatest punishment they can suffer; and imprisoning them for some time will much more readily correct them than whipping. This is a wise contrivance of nature, for thereby their joints are rendered pliable and strong, their blood continues sweet and proper for a full circulation; their perspiration is free, and their organs are stretched out by due degrees to their proper extension." Meditate on this, ye mothers, whose poor girls can scarcely walk, much less run and romp; and who procure for them crooked backs and pale cheeks. Meditate on it, ye parents who send your daughters to fashionable boarding-schools, in order that, in acquiring art, they may lose nature; and ye who are looking out for wives, say, will you take this deceptive creature, with her pale cheeks and fetid breath, and distorted body—the victim of her mother and fashion—or her who comes bounding down the hillside to your arms, with her ringlets streaming in the wind, her face with the freshness and glow of health, her body in the luxuriance and freedom of unchecked and uncontrolled nature, and her kiss sweeter than

"Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest?"

[*Kilgour's Therapeutics,*

CITY OF LISBON.—There was no want of beggars in the streets; they, like the dogs, had a regular bent. One old lady, very well dressed, took up her position daily on a heap of dry mud in the middle of the Alecrim, and sent an emissary in the shape of a pretty little girl, to importune the passengers slowly moving up the ascent, for "*alguma coisa*," something for the kitchen. And if a person entered a shop, two or three old women would enter it also, and without being checked by the shopkeeper, would "bore" the purchaser forreis. This forced charity was intolerable. But I was diverted with certain insinuating fellows in red gowns, and banners with a picture of the Virgin on them, who, "hat in hand," used to be seen approaching people, and in a whining tone asking for something for a convent to which they belonged, holding out the banner at the same time to be kissed by the devout. I saw it often saluted, without any unction to the palm of the standard-bearer. Besides the abominable state of the streets, the municipal authorities are highly to blame for allowing the most horrid objects to expose their sores in public. I saw an old villain actually rubbing sand into his leg one morning, to excite compassion by its inflamed appearance. It was a cu-

rious sight to see flocks of brown goats and a few cows driven into town every morning, to give milk to the coffee-drinkers and others; it looked very primitive; this must have been the practice from the times of the shepherd kings, and was one evidence of the little change that has taken place in the habits of the Portuguese for centuries. The goats were driven by men in Spanish hats and braided jackets. Some of the goats had their mouths tied up in a bag to prevent their eating cabbage; yet the goat in general is so fastidious that it will not eat any green thing that is not perfectly clean, and upsets a dish of water out of which another goat has drunk. Not so the calves, —they are not so particular; some in Lisbon presented an extraordinary appearance, with long black leather snouts, looking like a cross between a cow and an elephant; these appendages were intended to prevent them from sucking their mothers, and eating improper food. The shops in Lisbon have no great show of goods in them, yet the cloth and grocery shops were tolerably filled. The jewellers of the Rue d'Aurea had two high glass cases with their trinkets at the doors, and nothing else inside. The booksellers, like the other tradespeople, were very indolent, and would hardly rise off their seats to answer a question or hand a tome. * * * In rambling about for exercise and to make one's observations in the streets, certain peculiarities are constantly to be remarked for some days by the stranger. Thus he will see a water-cart, drawn by rams, and directed by a rappez or boy, with a long stick, and perhaps a straw dress on him if it happens to rain. At another turn, he will come upon certain old ladies boxed up in an ancient flower-painted coach, which slowly jolts through the streets, dragged by two fine bullocks, and a servant in livery behind it. He then will see the son of a fidalgo seated on a mule, and kicking and spurring it in a circle before the windows of his admiring mother and sisters. On approaching this spirited equestrian, it will be found that an iron ring attached to the saddle surrounds his body, enabling him to show off to great effect since he is so secured in his seat. A tinkling bell will be heard; silence will immediately prevail among the talkative throng; bolheros will pull up their horses, dismount and kneel bareheaded beside them; men and women will be seen on their knees, and Protestant strangers will raise their hats; a procession of priests in red garments, bearing banners and crucifixes on poles before the Host, will pass; rapid crossing and muttering of prayers will ensue, till the procession is out of sight. The voices of men singing a hymn will sometimes be heard in the streets, and the sailors of a vessel newly arrived from a distant voyage will be seen hat in hand and slowly bearing one of their best sails, with pictures of the saint to whom they had vowed it in their distress. They are about to present it to a church, and then to buy it back again. —*Alexander's Sketches of Portugal.*

SUPPOSED END OF THE WORLD.—There exists, however, at the end of the tenth century, a cause which would arrest our course, even had we intended to pursue our narrative beyond it; this is the almost universal expectation then entertained of the approaching end of the world. So strong was this belief, that it led the greater part of the contemporary writers to lay down the pen; for a while silence was complete; for historians cared not to write for a posterity whose existence was so doubtful. Pious persons who had endeavored to under-

stand the Apocalypse and to determine the time of the accomplishment of its prophecies, had been particularly struck with the twentieth chapter;—where it is announced that, after the lapse of a thousand years, Satan would be let loose to deceive the nations; but that, after a little season, God would cause a fire to come down from heaven and devour him. The accomplishment of all the awful prophecies contained in this book appeared, therefore, to be at hand; and the end of the world was supposed to be indicated by the devouring fire, and by the first resurrection of the dead. The nearer the thousandth year from the birth of Christ approached, the more did panic terror take possession of every mind. The archives of all countries contain a great number of charters of the tenth century beginning with these words: "Appropinquante fine mundi," (as the end of the world is approaching.) This almost universal belief redoubled the fervour of religion, opened the least liberal hands, and suggested various acts of piety, by far the greater number of which were donations to the clergy, of possessions of which the testator alienated without regret from his family, to whom the universal destruction would render them useless. Others, however, were of a more meritorious nature; many enemies were reconciled; many powerful men granted full pardon to those who had been unhappy enough to offend them; several even gave liberty to their slaves, or ameliorated the condition of their poor and hitherto slighted dependants. We are struck with a sort of affright at the idea of the state of disorganization into which the belief of the imminent approach of the end of the world must have thrown society. All the ordinary motives of action were suspended, or superseded by contrary ones; every passion of the mind was hushed, and the present was lost in the appalling future. The entire mass of the Christian nations seemed to feel that they stood in the situation of a condemned criminal, who has received his sentence and counts the hours which still separate him from eternity. Every exertion of mind or body was become objectless, save the labors of the faithful to secure their salvation; any provision for an earthly futurity must have appeared absurd; any monument erected for an age which was never to arrive, would have been a contradiction; any historical records written for a generation never to arise, would have betrayed a want of faith. It is almost matter of surprise, that a belief so general as this appears to have been, did not bring about its own dreaded fulfilment; that it did not transform the West into one vast convent, and, by causing a total cessation from labor, deliver up the human race to universal and hopeless famine. But, doubtless, the force of habit was still stronger with many than the disease of the imagination; besides, some uncertainty as to chronology had caused hesitation between two or three different periods; and, though many charters attest "certain and evident signs," which left no room for doubt of the rapid approach of the end of the world, yet the constant order of the seasons, the regularity of the laws of nature, the beneficence of Providence, which continued to cover the earth with its wonted fruit, raised questions even in the most timid minds. At last, the extreme period fixed by the prophecies was passed; the end of the world had not arrived; the terror was gradually, but entirely dissipated; and it was universally acknowledged, that, on this subject, the language of the sacred Scriptures had been misinterpreted.—*Sismondi's Fall of the Roman Empire.*

INFLUENCE OF MOHAMMEDANISM.—Mohammed had stimulated the nations of the east both to think and to act; and the enjoyment of thought and action was as lively and as deep as it was new to them. To attempt, upon the ruins of polytheism, or of that gross superstition which in the East supplanted Christianity, whilst adopting its name, to establish a purely spiritual religion, which should give the simplest and most abstract idea of the Deity, it was necessary to call to his aid the whole power of reason; especially as he did not support his mission by miracles, and as his disciples, whatever their enthusiasm, received no other testimony of the divinity of his mission than his own eloquence. In fact, Mohammed, in his conferences at the Kaaba with the merchants, travellers, and pilgrims from all parts of Arabia, exhorted them most earnestly to reflect, to descend into their own hearts, to examine their ancient creed by the light of reason; and, from the immensity of his works, from the contemplation of all that is pure in human nature, to rise to the knowledge of the Divine Being. The meditation of many years, and perfect familiarity with the arguments, had elevated the reasoning powers of the orator to a superiority over those of his antagonists; and his eloquence on the subject which singly engrossed his attention almost outstripped his thoughts: so that it seemed to himself, as it must have appeared to others, the work of inspiration. When these discourses were afterwards collected, and revered as oracles assigning the limits of faith, of morals, and of justice, the effect they produced on the posterity of his followers was of a nature diametrically opposite to that which they had worked upon himself and his immediate disciples. They had habituated the newly converted Mussulmans to reflection; they accustomed their descendants to a subjection of their reason to authority; for the former, they had overthrown long-standing barriers; for the latter, they had thrown up new ones; and to the Mussulmans, as to other religionists, the time was come when the depositories of the revelations which formed the basis of their creed interdicted the only exercise of the mind which leads to genuine faith,—inquiry. But at the time when the religion of Islam was founded, whilst it was spreading with such rapid progress, the Mussulman was not content with simply assenting to the new truths which had freed his mind from the errors of idolatry; he made them a subject of incessant meditation; he strove to furnish himself with arguments for their exposition;—to strengthen them by his eloquence, as well as to spread them by his sword. The prayers which he repeated five times a day gave fervor to his meditations, without varying their object. Religious oratory constituted a study no less important to the general of the army than the art of war; every believer might in his turn occupy the pulpit, when he was filled with his sacred subject and believed himself inspired; and, as political and religious duties were not separated, the constant mixture of the most sublime meditations with the counsels of worldly prudence, addressed to a nation or an army, gave to the eloquence of the Arabs a character altogether peculiar.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia.*

CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM.—The taking of Damascus after a siege which lasted through a year; the fall of Emassa, and of Heliopolis, or Balbec; the new victory gained over the Greeks on the

banks of the Hieromax, or Yermuk, in November, 636, were followed by the attack on Jerusalem, where the rival religions seemed to be brought into more immediate hostility: for the whole of Christendom had their eyes turned towards the holy city, and regarded the spot, sanctified by the life and sufferings of Christ, and, above all, by the holy sepulchre, as the outward pledges of the triumph of his religion. During a siege of four months, the religious enthusiasm of the besieged kept pace with that of the assailants; the walls were thickly planted with crosses, banners blessed by the priests, and miraculous images. But all this zeal was vain and impotent. Sophronius, patriarch of Jerusalem, who directed the efforts of the besieged, was constrained to offer to capitulate.—He, however, refused to open the gates of the city until the Khaliph Omar, the commander of the faithful, should come in person to receive so precious a deposit, and to guarantee the capitulation by his word. Jerusalem, equally sacred in the eyes of Mussulmans as in those of Christians, appeared to the veteran companions of Mohammed to be a fit object to the khaliph, of a pious pilgrimage. He set out: the same camel which bore the sovereign of Arabia and a great part of Syria and Persia was also laden with all his baggage, namely a sack of wheat, a basket of dates, a wooden bowl, and a skin of water. When he came in sight of Jerusalem, the khaliph exclaimed, "God and victorious Lord, grant us a victory unstained with blood!" His attendants pitched his tent of camel's hair cloth; he sat down on the earth, and there he signed the capitulation by which he promised to leave the Christians not only the full enjoyment of the liberty of conscience, but the undisputed possession of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Having completed this act, he entered the city without precaution and without fear, discoursing with the Patriarch by the way. He declined the invitation of the latter to offer up his devotions in the church of the Christians, lest his compliance might be quoted as a precedent by his successors, who might resort thither to pray, and thus invade the exclusive property in the temple which he had just guaranteed to the Christians. He laid the foundation of a magnificent mosque on the ruins of the Temple of Solomon; and, at the expiration of ten days, he returned in the same simple and unostentatious manner to Medina, where he passed the remainder of his life in offering up his devotion at the tomb of the prophet.—*Sismondi.*

HINTING.—A boy who had been serving an apprenticeship for some time in a neighboring town, returned very unexpectedly to his father's house, as the family were about sitting down to supper. 'John,' said the old gentleman, 'I thought you was very well suited with your place, and I wish to know the reason why you have left it so suddenly.' 'Why, father,' replied the boy, 'I liked the place pretty well, considering; but I wasn't going to say there and have Mr — hinting at me so every day.' 'Hinting at you?' said his father, 'what did he say to you?' 'He said—he said—why, father, he kept hinting at me.' 'John,' said his father, looking him sternly in the face, 'tell me instantly what he said to you.' 'Why, he said,' replied the boy, 'that I had told lies about his family, and stolen money out of his desk, and if I didn't get out of his house he would kick me out; and so I have concluded not to stay with him any longer.'

VARIETIES.

NOT AT HOME.—'Is Mr. Bluster within?' 'No, he is out of town,' remarked the servant. 'When can I see him?' 'I don't know: have you any special business with Mr. Bluster?' 'Yes, there is a small bill which I wish to settle.' 'Well,' said the servant, 'I don't know whether he will return this week or not.' 'But I wish to pay the bill, as I am to leave town immediately.' 'Oh! you wish to pay him some money? he is up stairs, I'm thinking; I will call him! Please to walk into the drawing room; take a chair, sir; your hat, if you please; Mr. Bluster will be with you in a moment!'

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—Mr. Allen, a lawyer of some eminence, of Connecticut, was a very loud talker. One day, in the midst of an argument, a thunder storm came up. The barrister, as the muttering of the clouds increased, unconsciously raised his voice in proportion, up and up till it became an effort even to him to speak; for a minute or two he strove to get the uppermost, but finding himself unable, turned round, and angrily exclaimed, 'stop that noise!' Again he was heard, as vociferously earnest as ever, and still unconscious of the cause of this unwonted interruption; but presently another, and louder clap came; 'Good Lord,' he cried, stamping, and knitting his brow, 'will nobody stop that noise?'

TAX ON BACHELORS.—A lady having remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on the single state; 'Yes madam,' rejoined Colonel —, of — (in Berkshire,) who was present, and was a most notable specimen of the uncompromising old bachelor; 'as on all other luxuries.'

A BULL NO BULL.—An honest son of Hibernia who 'makes it his home in this place,' was asked the other day how many children he had. 'Faith,' says he, 'I have three sons, and each of them has a sister.' Quere: how many daughters has he?

A GOOD HIT.—A Mr. Gray inquired of a Negro servant what color he believed the devil was;—'Why,' replied the African, 'the white men tell us he is black. We say he is white. But from his long age, I guess old Nick must be gray.'

The longer women live, the younger they grow. I know ladies, who, six years ago, rated at thirty-five, and who now stand at twenty-nine. It is next to impossible for a woman to get over forty. The only person I ever met with who confessed that she had passed this barrier, was an old lady of eighty; but then her great-grandson was a lad of eighteen.

A gentleman presenting a young lady to his mother, said—'Madam, this is Miss F——, and she is not so great a fool as she looks to be.' 'There, madam,' said the young lady, 'lies the difference between your son and me.'

The march of the mind is upward and onward. It cannot be stayed by the cobweb devices of ignorance, and he who goes against education and intellectual improvement, to suit some sinister purpose, sins against *light and knowledge*.

Lord Charles Somerset was telling a story about his walking in the woods at the Cape one day, when he came suddenly upon a huge shaggy lion. 'Thinking to frighten him,' said the noble Lord, 'I ran at him with all my might.' 'Whereupon,' said another, interrupting him, 'he ran away with all his mane.' 'Just so,' replied his lordship.

AMUSING ANECDOTE.—The Archbishop of Dublin tells us of a horseman who, having lost his way, made a complete circle; when the first round was finished, seeing the marks of a horse's hoofs, and never dreaming that they were those of his own beast, he rejoiced, and said, 'This at least shows me that I am in some track;' when the second circuit was finished, the signs of travel were doubled, and he said, 'Now, surely I am in a beaten way;' and with the conclusion of every round the marks increased, till he was certain he must be in some well-frequented thoroughfare, and approaching a populous town; but he was all the while riding after his horse's tail, and deceived by the track of his own error. So it may be with great men who pursue their own tales in dinner circuits, newspapers and reviews, repeating the same error till they become so misguided by it, as to take the impression of their own deviations for proof that they were going right.—*Examiner*.

ANECDOTE.—A gentleman attempting to carve a fowl which had been roasted for his dinner, finding considerable difficulty in separating its joints, exclaimed against the *cheat* who sold him an old hen for a chicken—'My dear,' said the enraged man's wife, 'don't talk so about the aged and respectable Mr. B——, he planted the first hill of corn that was planted in C——.' 'I know it,' said the husband, 'and I should think that *this hen* scratched it up.'

A yankee traveller lately, put up at a country inn where a number of loungers were assembled telling large stories. After sitting some time and attentively listening to their folly, he suddenly turned and asked them how much they supposed he had been offered for his dog, which he had with him. They all started, curiosity was on tiptoe to know; one guessed five dollars, another ten, another fifteen, until they had exhausted their patience, when one of them seriously asked how much he had been offered. *Not a cent*, replied he.

A Doctor in Scotland was employed by a poor man, to attend his wife, who was dangerously ill. The Doctor gave a hint amounting to a suspicion that he would not be paid. 'I have,' says the man to the Doctor, 'five pounds, and if you *kill* or *cure* you shall have it.' The woman died under the Doctor's hands; and after a reasonable time he called for his five pounds. The man then said, 'Did you *kill* my wife?' 'No.' 'Did you *cure* her?' 'No.' 'Then,' said the poor man, 'you have no legal demand,' and turned upon his heel.

A child of five or six years old being introduced to a foreign ambassador, as an extraordinary genius, he confessed that he was indeed wonderful at present, but added that he would lose all his fame as he grew up, because such early talents never lasted. 'Then, sir,' said the boy, 'I dare say you had a great genius when you were young.'

Smollet tells an anecdote of a half-crazy free-thinker of his day, who, chancing in Rome, stopped one day before a bust of Jupiter, and bowing low thus addressed the dethroned idol—'Sir—if you should ever get your head above water again, I hope that you will remember that I treated you politely in your adversity.'

ANECDOTE.—A son of Crispin recently called on a neighboring blacksmith to get his steel corks sharpened, and being in great haste, says he, 'can't you do it without taking the shoes off?' 'I don't know,' says Vulcan, 'but if you'll hold your feet in my forge, I'll try!'